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"Leo Telesmanick & Beetle Cat Boat"  
"Kokopelli Rides Again" - "Over Hill, Over Dale"

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# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 18 - Number 21

March 15, 2001



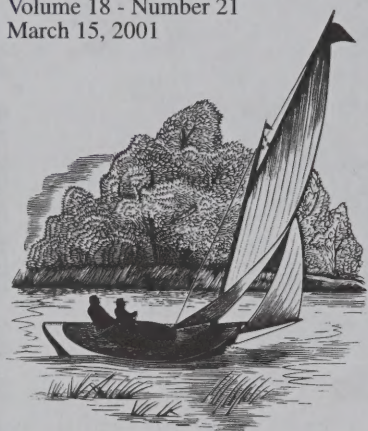
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# messing about in BOATS

29 BURLEY ST., WENHAM, MA 01984 (978) 774-0906

Volume 18 - Number 21  
March 15, 2001



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## Looking Ahead...

Joe Spalding sends on from upstate New York a short retrospective look at "Skaneateles Sailing Tradition"; Robb White describes his "Super Bowl Quickie" adventure; Paul Schwartz tells us how he became "A Certified Master Mariner"; Hugh Ware's different sort of cruise ship holiday report "In the Inside Passage" gets underway; and inexhaustible coastal paddler Reinhard Zollitsch is off again, this time "Beyond the Maine Island Trail".

George Davis describes his home afloat and supporting fleet in "Welcome From Asylum"; we learn about having a motorboat built in 1928 in "How It Is Done in Newfoundland"; Australian George Johnston has what he believes to be an unusually inexpensive boat building technique in "My Novelite Method"; Dan Swan details his experiences in "Sailing Kayak Multihulls"; Mike Hinsley suggests fitting a rowing machine into a boat in "The Ergo Boat"; Phil Bolger & Friends bring us their "Recreational Rowboat" design; Don Elliott continues his analysis of a "Capsize"; and I will undertake to look at some "Bicycle Boats, Then & Now".

## On the Cover...

Wandering boatbuilder/adventurer Jim Thayer enjoying his annual Kokopelli Rendezvous in his Nina beach cruiser. Full coverage of Kokopelli is featured in this issue.

## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



The two articles on the facing page were submitted in such readable form that I decided to find room for them. We do get many such announcements of coming (or ongoing) attractions, many of them in "News Release" format ("For Immediate Release" they announce to us, we'd better get right to it!). These are broadcast shotgun fashion to all and sundry in the print media who might possibly give the promoters some free publicity. Usually I am not particularly motivated by them to do so as we do not have room to publish all of them anyway and their boilerplate just doesn't grab me.

In the two examples opposite of what sort of publicity material does grab me, you will note a couple of significant aspects. The Rhode Island Whitewater Championships troubled to include a detailed description of the river course which participants would undertake to race over. And Roger James' description of the frostbite racing he has enjoyed made plain that it was a well setup and rewarding program, one which a person unfamiliar with it would still feel encouraged to attend.

Since the purpose of publicity releases is to inspire potential participants to attend whatever activity is being promoted, it is unfortunate that so much of the motivational material we see is so lacking in motivation, written in pedestrian style by volunteers who function as publicity chairpersons, or even by hired flacks, who lack the ability to inspirationally articulate their message. Lots of awful stuff, tedious to wade through and not at all inspiring to me. The best we receive is usually right from the persons organizing the activity, they know what it is really all about and their own enthusiasm comes through in their writeup of what they'd like us to publish.

Announcements of coming attractions really are requests for free advertising, as the organizers haven't the funds to buy ad space, or if they do have them, do not wish to spend them. There is an implicit message included that our readers will be delighted to learn about what they have organized for their enjoyment or edification, and that our publication has an obligation to keep readers informed.

I do like to spread the word about activities in which I think you will be interested. But with the volume of such activities undertaken nationwide and our lack of space to properly let you know about all that do come to our attention, I opted out of trying to print all this information in favor of publishing six times a year the two page listing of all who

we hear about who offer such activities. We suggest readers looking for activities in their chosen interest contact those listed under that interest heading for direct information.

Because we do receive much information that is of some interest and not badly written, typically in various newsletters, I undertake to offer up a couple of pages, in each issue not carrying the directory listing, of excerpts from the more interesting newsletters. It seems to me that this best provides some insight into who these people are and why they are doing what they do. This leaves it to you readers to then decide if you wish to look into any of them further.

How do I decide which newsletters to include on these pages from issue to issue? Ad hoc, intuitive, my choices are those which grab me. I try to spread the space around amongst different interests, but it is still a subjective decision which get into print, and what item in any one newsletter.

I've only done whitewater twice in my life, once on a press junket with a whitewater rafting outfit in Maine and the other on another press junket with a western Massachusetts whitewater kayaking outfit. I wrote them both up, but didn't catch the whitewater bug. Reading the Rhode Island Canoe/Kayak Association press release opposite did stir up for a moment a wish that I had gotten interested in this sport as a younger man, for the description of their river course, with its moderate Class II rapids, was inviting. I've always enjoyed "going someplace new" and here is an opportunity, had I some modest whitewater skills, to do just that.

Press junkets are, of course, the most effective form of obtaining free publicity (which is why they are offered), for if you include me in the actual experience and I like it, I'll do your inspirational writing for you. As I am honest about this sort of thing, there is always the risk that I might not like it. As I prefer to be positive, I just don't write up an unsatisfactory experience.

The new season is about to open up, so I write all this to alert you to what part we are able to play in informing you of what activities will be offered. Anyone burdened with the responsibility for publicizing any of these activities who wishes to reach our readership should write to me about it first (no phone calls please and I don't have email) and I can then suggest what, if anything, we can do to help. And, there's always paid advertising, guaranteed to get published just as you order it up.



# Activities & Events...

Information on a random selection of events about which we have received detailed and interesting announcements.

## Rhode Island Whitewater Championships

The Rhode Island Whitewater Championships, sponsored by the Rhode Island Canoe/Kayak Association, will be held on Saturday, March 17th, on the Clear and Branch Rivers in northern Rhode Island. It is the first race of the season in the New England Downriver series and is an officially sanctioned event of the American Canoe Association.

The race takes place on a seven mile course with a rating of class II whitewater which includes 4 class II rapids and two portages. Because of the danger of hypothermia, proper dress is required. Extra clothes in a waterproof container are recommended. Helmets and sprayskirts are required for all kayakers. Helmets are recommended for canoeists.

March, with its 30 degree days and frigid water temperatures, may not seem warm enough for most people to go canoeing, but the cold temperatures won't stop the more than eighty canoeists and kayakers from attempting to win a brilliant golden medal. Each year since 1980, this event has drawn both beginning and seasoned racers from most New England states and as far away as New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

The day begins at the Village Barn in Oakland, RI, with registration and assignment of numbers. Racers get to keep the bibs as souvenirs of their participation in this championship event. Now is an opportunity to review the safety rules, get information on the course, arrange shuttles and check equipment before heading to the starting line at the Harrisville Dam. Many will take the time to scout each rapid. Planning the best route through a rapid can mean the difference between making a fast clean run or taking a long cold swim.

Fifteen minutes before the start of the race a meeting takes place at the Harrisville Dam. Race officials review the safety requirements and give any final instructions. The competitors start lining up to await their turns as the race officials make one final equipment inspection before each boat is launched.

The race starts at the bottom of the 20' bank just below the Harrisville Dam. This is about 30' prior to the first rapid just under the East Avenue bridge. Canoes and kayaks will start one at a time at two minute intervals until about fifty boats have started.

For some less experienced boaters, the race will end as quickly as it started right at the first rapid. The strong twisting current of this rapid sends as many as ten paddlers swimming each year. While most will get right back into the race, others have not been so lucky. Some have lost paddles, while others have lost extra clothing or other equipment. One year a canoe was split in two as it wrapped around one of the large rocks which make up this rapid.

Those who make it past this point still have three major Class II rapids to get through. In addition it is necessary to maneuver past numerous obstacles along the race course. A few racers have been eliminated over the years when they were unable to clear low hanging branches or negotiate a sharp bend in the river.

The next major obstacle is the Whipple Rapid, about a half mile from the start. This rapid has a drop of about 2-1/2' feet with a large canoe-busting rock about 25' downstream. This boulder has brought about the demise of more than one competitor during the event's history.

Then comes the Oakland Dam, which is a mandatory portage. Each crew must carry or drag the boat around to the bottom of the dam before continuing downriver. Getting in and out of the canoe or kayak for a portage can be a very wet experience for some paddlers.

The third rapid is about 4-1/2 miles into the race. Glendale is the longest rapid and re-

quires a skilled maneuvering to get through. This is also the point where many competitors start to fatigue as those muscles that rested all winter begin to give out. The next mile is relatively calm and gives burning muscles a much-needed break.

The Mohegan Rapid, the rocky remains of a broken dam behind Atlas Pallet, is the steepest and most difficult of the race. It requires the racers to enter the rapid straight on taking one of only two possible routes. The Mohegan Rapid has sunk the hopes of more competitors than any other point along the race course.

One final short portage just below the last rapid and it's smooth paddling for the rest of the race. The last two miles separate the serious competitors from the wannabees as they approach the finish line.

For more information please contact: Mike Bussell, (401) 568-8605 or Alan & Barbara August, (401) 725-3344. Rhode Island Canoe/Kayak Association.

## The Essex, Connecticut Frostbite Yacht Club

Reading *Messing About in Boats* during the off season only makes a sailor itchy to get back on the water yearning for the tug of the mainsheet as a gust fills the sails, the sound of the water rushing under the hull, and the exhilaration as your little boat surges ahead. If you think the sailing season is too short, maybe you should try frostbiting.

I started frostbiting in the fall of 1999 at the Frost Bite Yacht Club in Essex, CT, and discovered a whole new world of sailing. The fall frostbite season runs from early October to early December and the spring season runs from early March to early May. It is actually better sailing than in the summer because there are no other boats to bother you and there is better wind. With proper foul weather gear on, you will stay warm and dry even if it is raining or if it is so cold that the water in your bilge is freezing.

Last fall about 6 Etchells, 15 Lasers, 20 JY15s, and 11 Blue Jays raced on the average race day, Sunday afternoons from 1pm-

3:30pm using the facilities of the Essex Yacht Club. All the boats are stored in the club parking lot and dry-sailed. The club has a 2-ton crane for the Blue Jays and Etchells, a ramp for the JY15s, and floats for launching the Lasers.

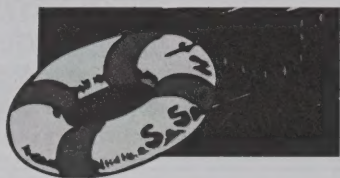
The location of the races is in a beautiful spot on the Connecticut River at Essex, a point in the river where it widens out before taking a turn for Long Island Sound, making for some interesting currents. There are usually 3 to 5 races for each class depending on the wind and current. Probably more dedicated than the racers is the race committee who do an excellent job of starting, finishing, and keeping track of the 4 classes during the busy afternoon. After racing, everyone gathers in the club bar to discuss the races and hear the race results over hot soup and a cold drink.

For more information, visit [www.fbyc.org](http://www.fbyc.org)

Roger James, 13 Farm Hill Rd., Wallingford, CT 06492-3248







## Small Boat SAFETY



Tom Shaw

### Seldom Needed. . . But

By Tom Shaw

In mid-January of this year a local Coast Guard facility responded to a "distress" call. I use "distress" in quotations because the vessel was in no danger. It was, however, drifting into a security zone because, in addition to a dead engine, it had no anchor. At first, the Coasties saw this as an absolutely routine patrol, one that they would normally have assigned to a commercial towing company since there was no danger to vessel or crew. In this case, the commercial units would have taken too long to arrive on scene and the disabled vessel would have been into the security zone.

It was a surprise to all concerned to discover that the skipper of the disabled boat was wanted for kidnapping and the two victims were on board. Appropriate arrests followed.

What is the point of this story for readers of *MAIB*? There is a safety moral that the absence of one normal piece of boat equipment can lead to serious problems. Had that boat had an anchor and appropriate rode, a commercial tow boat would have picked her up and the skipper would have gone on his way to the Bahamas.

I am constantly amazed, in doing vessel safety checks, at the number of boats that do not carry an anchor and appropriate rode. Granted that in some fifty+ years of messing about in boats I have only once need an anchor to keep me out of trouble. That was when I ran out of gas at the entrance of an unfamiliar channel in Long Island Sound. It was a simple matter to anchor and take the dinghy for fuel. I would have been in trouble had there been no anchor aboard.

In one sense, at least, for those who do not cruise, an anchor is like a fire extinguisher. You will probably never use it, but it is a great comfort to know that it's there.

The boating season is drawing near. Let us all be sure that we have a good check list of ALL our safety gear; anchors, up-to-date flares, charged fire extinguishers, dock lines...the list. Perhaps the story of the skipper now in jail because (among other things) he did not have an anchor can be a good reminder for a careful check. Then call the nearest Auxiliary unit and get a "Seal of Safety" on your boat.

### The Dangers of Bow Riding

By Dave Carnell

Here on Pages Creek I have a great view of all the boats going in or out the creek. If there is a dog in the boat, it almost invariably is positioned as a figurehead at the bow. This appears hazardous, though I have never seen a dog fall in from this position. It is like dogs riding in pickup trucks; I have never seen one fall out of a pickup, either.

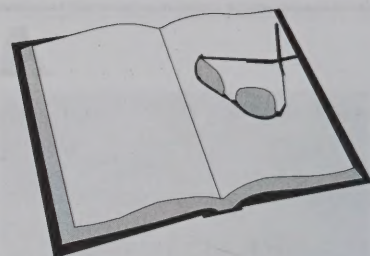
When the weather and water gets warm,

though, I will be seeing passengers, mostly children, riding on the bows with their legs hanging over under the bow rail, if any. This is most hazardous and preached against ardently by safety authorities because of the extreme danger of being chewed up by the propeller to anyone who falls in from that risky position.

I don't remember ever seeing that danger spelled out qualitatively. Back in my high school freshman general science course (1933) I learned an equivalent that has stuck with me and been useful at these years: 15 miles per hour = 22 feet per second.

If your 18' Fisherman Special is tooling along at 15mph and a bow passenger falls in, the prop starts chewing the body in 0.68 seconds. This is just about your minimum reaction time, so you haven't even started to shut off the engine. A guy driving a 30' Fancy Flyer at 30mph will be in exactly the same miserable situation.

This should be enough to convince you that all passengers up forward should be sitting well inboard with no legs dangling overboard, nor any possibility of falling in when your boat hits a wake or a wave.



## Book Review

### Lighthouses of the Pacific Coast

By Randy Leffingwell and Pamela Welty  
176 Pages, 140 Color & B&W Photos  
Voyageur Press, P.O. Box 338  
Stillwater, MN 55082-5002  
(800) 888-9653  
[www.voyageurpress.com](http://www.voyageurpress.com)  
\$29.95

Reviewed by Jeff Douthwaite

**A Thing of Beauty:** The book *Lighthouses of the Pacific Coast*, is a thing of beauty for sure. The photographs are excellent, but most don't show the real thing, the lights in bad weather, which is so common around lighthouses. As is usual with photogenic books, everything is shown in beautiful summer weather. One might conclude all these remote places are in sunny California. And they throw in the usual cliché about lighthouses, "...annual storms put waves over the top of the lantern 133' above sea level." (which I don't believe, I think they mean spray).

The text has lots of historical and technical interest, but the emphasis here is on artistic photography. For a book which better describes the real painful and heroic struggles of building and living in lighthouses in extremely difficult locations, I recommend *The Lighthouse Stevenson's*, by Bella Bathurst. Yes that's the family of Robert Lewis Stevenson himself.

**Overly Ambitious:** As a general survey course on lighthouses, the book attempts too much but does not enlighten much. It tries to cover all about lights from their history, to management, to technology and science, to geography, eg: For example it attempts to explain why different Fresnel lens lights have different "orders", from First (brightest) down to Fifth, (dimmiest). Tillamook Rock, Conception and St. George all have first order lenses, and Cape Arago, Bandon, and Yerba Buena have fourth order ones. The reason for this is not given. It states the obvious fact that lights at higher elevations can be seen farther out at sea, but then says, "a light situated at 500' above sea level could be seen from 29.5 miles, regardless of the type of lens and light source selected." Which sounds like all that matters is elevation.

After I read and pondered the disjointed discussion about different lenses, orders, wattages, candlepowers, focal lengths, reflectors, refractors, light beams and light sources, I was in a fog. And what really matters is fog be-

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cause when it's foggy nothing else matters much, you can't see the light anyway. That's why GPS and radar are preferred. To conclude and clarify things, I'm pretty sure the main idea is, that for more dangerous locales more light is required and farther out. Beyond that I'm confused, and I suspect the authors are too.

**The Implicit Question:** There's some discussion of the great question about lighthouses today: Viz, do we really need them anymore? I confess on voyages up and down the west coast on my boat, I seldom heeded any of them; Charts, GPS, navigation buoys and radar are plenty to fix and check one's location. So I believe the harsh truth is that many grand old heroic lighthouses are obsolete, relics from a past rugged age. This conclusion is hinted when the authors tell how many of the lighthouses are now historic monuments, and are cared for by volunteers. Others are tourist attractions, desirable places to come to escape the modern all-too-busy world. Still others are now youth hostels, fair warning.

On Dungeness Spit Lighthouse (called "New Dungeness" in the book) in Washington State, people pay \$75 per night for the privilege of sleeping there, polishing the brass railings bordering the long spiral stairways climbing up and up to the light at the top of the tower. They are paying for the remoteness, to hear the wind whistling around the tower, to feel its vibrations, to see the sea from on high, and to re-live the keepers' experience and wonder how they could do it all winter too. It seems lighthouses are like the grand old square riggers, schooners and windjammers. Not cost efficient or economically viable anymore, but nice to keep around, to maintain and cherish for their own sake. And the living artifacts do help us remember our history. But, "Even though the larger vessels all carry radar and GPS and charts, lighthouses are still necessary for smaller vessels and the recreational boaters," says the local USCG spokesman here in Santa Barbara.

**Merciful Automation:** In some cases the modern engineering which removed keepers from their lighthouses has been an act of mercy, because the rocks they lived on were so desolate and lacking in human amenities, they were more like prisons at sea. Some of the West Coast's lighthouses were really rugged tiny outposts situated on rocks, miles out from the mainland. Tillamook Rock off Oregon and St. George Reef off California are the most amazing. To believe their God-awfulness you have to see them. Tillamook Rock is only about a mile offshore Oregon, but St. George Reef is about six miles out at sea. Both are barely big enough to support a cabin, let alone a yard with a garden or other amenities. Once there, you are thoroughly stuck until rescued by a ship which can make a landing somehow. Sometimes.

One ex-convict allegedly said, after he looked at St George Reef's Lighthouse, "After seeing that, solitary confinement didn't look so bad." For most lighthouses, married keepers were preferred, but for Tillamook and St George, no. The rocks were simply too inhospitable. From the book: "The Board viewed St George Reef and Tillamook Rock as especially risky lights as the legendary storms these two stations endured challenged the keepers' sanity." I can well believe it, and I haven't even seen them in a winter storm. They are grue-

some even in summer. Contemplating living there sends chills up my spine. The book has some humorous comments about early day automation, involving automatic fog horns sounding off at wrong times, disturbing the peace of local neighbors. It also makes me wonder, how did the inhabitants stand the fog horns' racket?

**Why Are They There?** The authors discuss lots of history but don't explain well why the lights were placed in many places. The quick answer, which is often true, is to guide and protect neighboring maritime commerce. Tillamook Rock for instance is near Garibaldi, Oregon, which was a major timber shipping port (the light on Tillamook Rock has been deactivated and it now serves as the "Eternity at Sea Columbarium", of all things. Seems to me it'd be a hell of a place to try for eternal rest, on a rock in the middle of a stormy sea). The light on St George Reef likewise, is to protect ships as they enter the Port of Crescent City California. It too was once an exporter of timber. Ditto the light at Cape Arago near North Bend Oregon in Coos Bay which still is an active port. Newport explains why the Yaquina Bay light is there, and Aberdeen is the reason for the Grays Harbor light. Still other lighthouses were placed on major capes along the Coast to warn ships away, e.g., at Cape Flattery, Point Arena, Cape Blanco, Point Sur, Point Piedras Blancas, etc.

At other times the authors' reason for the light's location seems odd. Re. the Marrowstone Point, Washington light, they say it is, "Marking Admiralty Inlet, the seaway to Bremerton naval shipyard..." They might also have noted it marks the seaway to the little towns called Seattle and Tacoma too. At the rear of the book there is a twenty page listing of all the lighthouses, and their locations are given. They also provide information as to how to get there. All seems well done here but for the Point Roberts Lighthouse, just across the border in Canada. They say, to get there, "Take the ferry from Sidney, British Columbia..." Yes, but wouldn't it be easier to drive North on I-5 and take a left at Point Roberts? That's like saying, to get to Seattle, take the ferry from Southworth to Vashon Island and then to Seattle. What? Sounds like some local Canadian was making a little joke which the Californian authors didn't catch.

**Where is the Map?** The most frustrating aspect of this lovely book is its lack of a map! One sees the lighthouses, reads about them and wonders where they are. And there seems to be no rhyme or reason why one picture follows another. It is most confusing. E.g., the book jumps from lighthouses at Yaquina Head, to Point Robinson, to Point San Luis, and one wonders why are we jumping around like this? Pity the poor reader who doesn't know the first is in Central Oregon, the second in Puget Sound, Washington, and the third near Avila Beach in California. Next comes one at Pt. Sur, then one in Haro Strait, then we jump to Grays Harbor! I keep asking myself, "why make it so confusing?"

With no map in the book I found the random jumping around most annoying, because I was trying to remember where I was, and keep the many lighthouses along the 1,300 miles stretch of shoreline in some kind of order from north to south or vice-versa. The sequence presented seems a random jumble with no apparent organization. Or maybe it's called artistic license? It certainly is artistically beau-

tiful. But for a mariner trying to make useful sense of it, it doesn't work.


**Lights Replaced with Buoys:** In several instances the old lighthouses are, in effect, replaced with anchored buoys which are more useful and safer waypoints for the mariner. E.g., the buoy three miles SE of Pt Reyes, California, is a more useful marker for the north-bound ship, and the Blunts Reef Buoy which is 4.6 miles west and offshore of Cape Mendocino is a safer marker than the light, and the buoy six miles SW of Cape Blanco is a much safer waypoint than the light on that rocky cape. One can use the buoys as waypoints to make, i.e., to steer to, whereas the lighthouses are mainly to stay away from. Or else.

**Not Ready for Navigation:** Adding to the confusion is the authors' preference for Indian names of bays and rivers, which are prolific in Oregon, without also naming the local cities and towns nearby which most of us are more familiar with. E.g., they refer to lights at Yaquina Bay, at Coquille River and at the Umquah River. Who remembers where these are? Mentioning Newport, Bandon and Winchester Bay, respectively would help. Maybe the Indian names are PC but it sure makes it tough to follow, especially without a map. It almost makes navigating these treacherous waters with good old charts seem simple. The book has beauty and yes, lots of information about the lighthouses, but is not for navigation.

Maybe that's the hallmark of a good coffee table book, pretty to look at but not for reading? But, that's unfair, this book does have a lot of good reading.

**Editor Comments:** Reviewer Douthwaite's five part chronicle of a cruise from Puget Sound to Santa Barbara was serialized in our October 15 through December 15, 2000 issues as "29 Days Before the Mast". He recently self-published his narrative as a 136 page book, *The Flights of the Flamingo, 29 Days Before the Mast*, with about half of the book consisting of "Waypoints and Navigation Notes", similar the *Coast Pilot*, which were not included in our serialization.

The book is available on line (to be downloaded) from <Publishingonline.com> for \$5 and also as a paperback for \$15 directly from Jeff at 5115 40th Ave NE, Seattle Wa. 98105, (206) 523-5116.



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 (860) 536-6930



# You write to us about...

## Information Needed...

### Looking for the *Albin News*

We enjoyed Tom McGrath's article on Albin 25s in the January 1 issue. We have recently purchased one of these boats and are interested in the *Albin News*, referred to in Tom's article. Does any reader know of this?

Buck & Martie Nowell, 2526 Smith Rd., American Falls, ID 83211, (208) 226-2393, <nowell@ida.net>

## Information of Interest...

### Boat Builders' Handbooks

I have about eight issues from the early '60s of the old *Boatbuilders' Handbooks* from which I am willing to photocopy and share any of these old plans. They have really a lot of nice small boats and other "how-tos" in that era of "how to do" books as opposed to today's emphasis on "how to buy".

I have the following issues of *Boatbuilders' Handbook*: #567 (1960), #580 (Fall 1961), #628 (Spring 1963), #640 (Summer 1963); plus Fawcett's *20 Boats You Can Build* #508 (1962), Fawcett's *How to Build 20 Boats* #433 (1959) and *Popular Mechanics Boats You Can Build* #592 (1958).

I have computer listed many of these drawings and would be willing to share that list also.

On another topic, there does not appear to be any information available on using small automobile engines as inboards, no conversion parts advertised or discussed. The Jeeps and Studebakers are gone but there are certainly lots of small Japanese engines around today. Are there no cooling manifolds available for these current engines? Information on this subject would be most welcome.

George Bement, 1744 Hallmark Ln., San Jose, CA 95124, (408) 266-5796.

## Opinions...

### Beach Cruising

I think I had better join the beach cruising discussion. Boy, that's a wonderful thing to be able to do and through the years of my obsession with it, I have boiled the boat part down to three possible types:

The first kind is a boat big enough to carry all the people and a bunch of gear and supplies for a regular home away from home. Such a boat as that is usually so big that it has to stay in the water which limits the places you can camp unless you just don't give a damn about what happens to it.

The other possibility is something like our little felucca which is light enough so that two people can jump out and carry it up into the bushes with all the gear in it. That's a little boat (12' x 54" x 40lbs, 70lbs with all the gear except the water jug, and it limits the situation too.

I think we discovered the quintessence the last possibility down around the north end of Andros. There are about a jillion little unoccupied keys on the vast flats to the north

and we thought they were all wonderful places. We made many trips from where our sailboat stayed anchored all summer in the bight off of Lowe Sound and every one was a delight.

One of the things we discovered was that a good many of the little islands had a tiny, tied together framework of sticks sort of like a hut. We wondered what was up with that until we came up to one of the islands in the old take-apart skiff and found, to our surprise, a 13' Boston Whaler with most of the fiberglass busted or chafed off the foam and an outboard motor so junky that its identity was impossible to determine clamped sort of cattywhompus to the remnants. The boat was just sitting on the sharp rocks as if abandoned. A blue plastic tarpaulin gleaming in the sunlight on the beach revealed the covering of something like a hut. Though there was nobody in sight, there was a little fire cooking something in a small pot. We went on to another island and left those folks with all that joy.

I give you just such as that.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

### More on Beach Cruising

This beach cruising subject is interesting. In our densely populated part of the world, the knotty question is, "where to camp?" I'd like to go from here in Newport, Rhode Island, east up Buzzards Bay towards Cape Cod, following the mainland side of the bay rather closely, a cautious trip of modest daily mileage.

To do this I'm thinking of a small canoe, say 13', made of something tough such as Royalex, decked over leaving a 3'-4' cockpit with bukkheads fore and aft for flotation and dry stowage. This would be a Rob Roy type of boat with a bottom that could take some rough use, and would be roomy enough to sleep in using a cockpit cover of some kind. And I'd have a small sail along also.

Whenever I couldn't find a place to put up my small tent, I'd try to find a salt pond, marsh or creek where I wouldn't attract attention. If bringing the boat ashore seemed like trespassing, I'd try nosing it into some shoreside brush or bullrushes, being careful so it would not dry out at low tide over a rock.

At the end of a day, looking for a spot for the night, you don't know what you will find. Good, poor or other, you might have to keep on going a while into the night. Something like a commando mission! Make the best of it. As Jack Hawkins told William Holden in the film, *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, "Well, there's always the unexpected isn't there?" That's part of such an adventure.

Two books that address this subject in detail are *Beachcombing & Coastal Cruising* by Ida Little and Michael Walsh, and *Alone in the Caribbean* by Fritz Fenger, sailing his own design sailing canoe *Yakaboo*.

Jim Casey, Newport, RI

### DreamBoats: Bob Austin's "Rubbish"

I will quote from Bob's letter in the January 15 issue in response to my "Dream Boats" article in the December 1 issue:

"We are confusing geological time and human time here: The Andes and the lake they hold are the result of millions of years of plate

tectonics and mountain building, while any people capable of crossing seas in boats lived in the most recent 10,000 years."

This is certainly in line with accepted standard theory today, or at least very recently. Plate tectonics is even of very recent origin, and has been fought over during my life-time, some eighty odd years, but I think that by now the majority of academic experts in that field have accepted it. These same experts in other fields of scientific endeavour have certainly not as yet accepted the existence of such a continent as Mu. Mu (Atlantis) is more "rubbish".

Let us examine the possible evidence for such a place. The hands-on evidence, the basic evidence, consists of the finding 69 scrolls, hand-written by a young man, studying for the priesthood, in a country he calls Muror. The scrolls partly translated between "'64 and '68, turn out to be a diary. In it, Kland, the writer, records his daily life and describes the country, its provinces and cities, and its many races, among them the black people to whose periphrastics my own writings refer to in the Dreamboats article.

Were the finders qualified? The archaeological team was led by Professor Dr. Reesdon Hurdlop, well known for his work in India. He was the field director. The team included Dr. Maud N. Robat, a pottery expert, Miss Ruby Kraut, Hurdlop's secretary, and draftsman (draftswoman?) who worked with Tony Earll, an architect. Gordon Hudson was the official photographer of the team.

Local people were engaged, who were "quite adept at the fieldwork" because of archaeological digs they had been part of before. All these, as well as the aforementioned team, were present when the stone box was opened which revealed the scrolls. Plenty of witnesses. The scrolls have been carbon dated at about 23,000 yrs ago, or 21,000 BC. The final catastrophe overtook Mu about 20,000 yrs ago.

Why was the dig undertaken? Professor William Nive had made the original dig and discovered the tablets which Churchward had predicted would be found there. The dig was undertaken on behest of the Marquina-Jolicouer Institute. Hurdlop was specifically charged to "either prove or lay forever to rest the claims of Churchward". We have now arrived at the villain of the piece.

James Churchward is branded as a liar, a fraud and a lunatic by the conventional scientific establishment. He purported to have been shown a hoard of ancient tablets by the high priest of a temple. The priest taught him to read and translate the hieroglyphics of the tablets, and Churchward wrote a number of books based on their contents. It is from these writings that my allegations in my article were drawn. Millions of years ago? Hardly. The travels of these people took place "before the mountains were born". A tribe of Indians at the most southern point of Chile, who were never "conquered", bears the account of this event in living memory. The ruined and dry canal which Bob did not see, has been attested to by too many people, it ends in nowhere, and has been a mystery to all who have beheld it.

The rising of the land simultaneously with the rising of the waters, seems to place it at the time when the catastrophic shifting of the Antarctic ice-cap caused what in worldwide legends or mythologies is called "The Great Flood", an event not accepted by con-



ventional science. This would place no further back than 12,000BC, a mere speck in time, the raising of the Andes, and the purported extinction of saurier fauna. How else does one explain the clearly incised pictures of the dinosaur, the pterodactyl, the brontosaur, and others of that brood, in graves in South America, which are supposed to have been sealed a thousand years ago? Or do you want to tell me that these graves were sealed 65 million years ago?

There are more mysteries between heaven and earth than your science knows of, Horatio (with kudos to Shakespeare).

I apologize for the 8,000' plus difference in my elevation figure and the dictionary's elevation for Lake Titicaca (the Effluence of the Gods). The elevation of the lake was not the essence of my essay.

My intent underlying my Dreamboats series has always been to stimulate people to do their own thinking, their own research and experimentation. Like Phil Bolger with the box-keel. By all means write and express your own opinions, and your own ideas, culled from your own experience.

Richard Carsen, 2301 16th St., Newport Beach, CA 92663

**Editor Comments:** I published Richard's rebuttal here to permit him to elaborate on his viewpoint questioned by Bob Austin's letter. But, this is it, I'm not going to have an ongoing dialogue develop on these pages about long lost Atlantis, Mu or whatever you call it. The myth exists, perhaps for reasons we do not know, but unless the dialogue involves some sort of small boating, it is not for us. Readers interested in Richard's viewpoints on the larger issues he raises are invited to correspond directly with him.

## Projects...

### Oar Making

My spokeshave cut without a hitch  
Long spruce shavings left the plank  
To become piles around my horses  
On which were now two oars.  
Then smoothed they needed oil,  
Hesitated, white virgin wood  
Seemed somehow not made for stain.  
Tradition got the upper hand  
On the flaxseed pressings went  
Lovely yellow grain leaped forth  
(A virgin stained is not a whore.)  
From hard hide two leathers cut  
Soaked soft, wrapped tight, sewed snug  
Where galvy yokes would chafe.  
Could hardly wait to try them out  
To pull my dory on the tide,  
Arms, oars, and locks in sync  
Connecting my head to the clean cold sea.  
Thole Pinn

## This Magazine...

### About MAIB's Content

Do they let McGrath out every now and then or does he write his stuff on TP and pitch it over the wall? There must be some connection between Whistle Pissers and the 1930s WPA but I'll leave that speculation to somebody else.

Have you considered what might happen in say 200 years, always assuming this stuff is around that long, when some young librarian

runs across some dusty copies of MAIB, reads them, and says to him/herself, are these my roots?

Those of us who are living forever will defend this publication to the (pointy) end, or is it the transom? As an old guy I worked with 50 years ago said, "You're doing a good job but a little faster wouldn't hurt!"

Ron Laviolette, Ionia, MI

**Editor Comments:** It's been a while since Tom McGrath graced our pages with his often scathing commentary and illustrations about our infatuation with small boating. For those readers new to our pages, Tom was a regular contributor back in the '80s and has had one collection of his stories published by International Marine, *The Cruise of the Damn Foole*. Ron, I can't go any faster, actually I'm even slowing down some now after seven decades of accelerating.

### About the Serializations

In your "Commentary" in the January 1 issue I find put into words my feelings about the Bishop serials and others of that ilk you have published. The writing of those times provides insights into the social and cultural circumstances in which the authors' adventures took place, information hard to find in today's writing.

So continue to bring on the Bishops and McGregors, and may you always have Robb White to help you out.

Sloat Hodgdon, W. Falmouth, MA

### More Shantyboats Please

I am currently building a 24' shantyboat with an 8' beam. I plan to try sail power as it will have a shallow barge type hull which can easily use leeboards.

I still have about 4 more years to retirement when this shantyboat will be the perfect way for me to spend time on the water, on rivers and lakes here in central California.

I especially enjoyed the shantyboat articles you have published and would like to see more of them.

Tony Tesoriere, 14132 12th Ave., Hanford, CA 93230-9501.

**Editor Comments:** We welcome your story about your shantyboat anytime, Tony.

### A Modern Day Nautical Will Rogers

What can be said about Robb White but that he's a modern day nautical Will Rogers. When I was a kid growing up in the 30s my dad would relish Will's daily columns much as I now do Robb's stories.

Jim Moore, Bakersfield, CA

### Small Boat Design Series

I wish to suggest that you publish a series on small boat design-principles, approaches, practices, methods.

You have a regular column by Phil Bolger which is sort of an advertisement of his designs. And, the designs he submits are sometimes on the mark as to being small boats but sometimes they are off the mark, either being large cruising sailboats or that very odd Salvage I which is hardly a boat someone is likely to mess about in.

Then there is the salty boat builder and designer, Robb White, who gets sort of close to the subject of design and then goes off into

technique and materials.

Your magazine is full of ads from small boat designers and builders, from boat building schools and computer program vendors. Perhaps there are some within that crowd who might be willing and able to author such a series, or one article in a series.

My reasons for suggesting this have to do with my background, I suppose. I like to build small wooden boats. I may never reach the plateau of solid wood hulls, being content at my age to stay with the plywood shell. Years ago I used to design furniture and church interiors. Design has always been a motivating factor in whatever I think about building or making.

But I didn't take up the challenge of building a boat until about 13 years ago when I built the Bolger/Payson Gloucester Dory, an Amesbury skiff, and a 16' skiff type sailboat with gunter rig. A real rigger built the mast, booms and fittings and a sailmaker the sail. I remember that I wanted to beef up the hull construction on the two skiffs and perhaps alter the design some. I did this with some trepidation as I was afraid to endanger the designed performance of the boat once built.

I read what I could about design, in Payson, in Chapelle, in *WoodenBoat* articles. They were all helpful, up to a point. Then I thought about designing my own small boat. Yes, I could and did, but it was more of a take-off of an existing design than anything original or of a real departure from an existing design(s).

I, for one, would like to know more, would like to get a decent grounding in the principles of small boat design. Since your subscriptions are built on people who like small boats, who also build them, maybe there are some who, like me, are interested in the design of what we might build. I also take the easier way out, by sorting through the many designs offered by your advertisers. By doing so, I accept that I'll never truly design my own boat(s). But, is that all there is, Alfie? I pray not.

What do you think of this idea for a series of articles?

Dan Dick, 41 Iroquois St. Worcester, MA 01602-3234

**Editor Comments:** Our experience has been that very few builders or designers have chosen to take advantage of our standing offer to introduce their work to our readers. We cannot personally visit them to do features about their work, it is up to them to provide the information. Phil Bolger has been with us for almost ten years and unfailingly provides material for his page(s) to stimulate our collective thinking about boat designs.



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# Newsletter notes from all over...

A compendium of selections from newsletters and magazines we receive which, we believe, illustrates what is going on out there in the world small boats.

*"Lawley Built"*

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## Lawley Homecoming 2001

This year the Lawley Rendezvous & Symposium will be held at the Eastern Yacht Club in Marblehead, Massachusetts July 12-14. The Lawley Symposium will take place on July 13. Members of the EYC were Lawley's best customers during the Golden Age of Yachting.

The Eastern Yacht Club is one of the oldest and most distinguished yacht clubs in America. It embodies the very essence of Marblehead, the Rose Bowl of yachting. In the glory days of racing and cruising along the New England coast, the wooden sailboat achieved a blend of pure beauty, speed and grandeur not since equaled. No proper yachtsman gave a thought then to the cost, and for every Proper Bostonian, the burgee of the Eastern Y.C. at the top of his mast was close

The Eastern Y.C. Marblehead, c.1915, the Golden Age of Yachting.



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enough to heaven, for this life anyway.

The Eastern was founded in 1870 by a group of leading sailing men "of wealth and high character", mostly from Boston, for the purpose, not quite as solemn as it sounds, "of encouraging yacht building and naval architecture, and the cultivation of nautical science." Frequently over the following decades, the members turned to George Lawley & Son Corp. to fulfill this noble purpose and in short order the Club had wrested the defense of the America's Cup from the astonished members of the New York Y.C. with three successive sloops designed by EYC member Edward Burgess, two of them built by Lawley. Fifty years later, Edward Burgess' son, W. Starling Burgess, with equal artistry and as much influence in the Eastern, conceived of three towering J-sloops that retained the Cup before WWII put an end to yachting in the grand style.

Throughout, other greats of American yacht design, Nathanael and L. Francis Herreshoff, Frank Paine, B.B. Crowninshield, John Alden, Carl Arlberg, Ray Hunt, Aage Nielsen, Ted Hood and others, tested their innovative ideas in the proving waters of the Eastern and had Lawley build the yachts. The Club also took a large part in the formation of racing rules, international small-boat competition as early as 1904, the emergence of one-designs, the popularization of sailing, the opening up of the Maine coast to cruising, the beginning of ocean racing, and the modern transition to synthetic materials and high technology.

Throughout the history of the Club, there was a procession of extraordinary personalities and boats. Llewellyn Howland, and Joe Garland, author of the Club history, will introduce us to colorful members of the EYC and Lawley customers, including Charles Francis Adams, Henry Howard (owner of the still-extant *Elf*), the many members of the Forbes family, Alex Cochran, and many honorary members of the club such as Teddy Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Calvin Coolidge and FDR. They will also describe many famous Lawley-built yachts owned by EYC members such as the Cup contenders *Mayflower*, *Puritan*, *Jubilee*, *Vanitie*, *Yankee*, and *Whirlwind*, and the remarkable Lawley-built Sonder boats in which EYC members competed with German sailors prior to the Great War.

The first thing you will see when you enter the EYC is an elegant model of *Cristina*, a 110' steam yacht designed by H.J. Gielow and built in 1908 by George Lawley & Son for EYC member Frederick C. Fletcher. You'll see much more evidence of the long association between George Lawley and the EYC during your visit to the club.

(Abstracted with permission from the dust jacket for Garland, J.E.: *The Eastern Yacht Club - A History from 1870 to 1985* (Introduction by Llewellyn Howland III), Marblehead, EYC (1989).

Persons interested in the Lawley Boat Owners Association and the Homecoming in July should contact the club for further details.

# THE MODEL YACHT

**U.S. Vintage Model Yacht Group**  
**US VMYG, 78 East Orchard St.**  
**Marblehead, MA 01945**  
**(781) 631-4203**  
**www.swcp.com/usvmyg**

## Membership

Our annual fee for three issues of the VMYG newsletter *The Model Yacht*, will increase to \$20 starting with next issue. This stipend also provides access to technical assistance and vintage model plans. A VMYG lifetime membership is \$100. Our "how to" book/video package on plank-on-frame model construction is also available, but not included with the fee.

## R/C Vintage M (VM) Group

The 2001 national VM regatta is November 3-4 at Tampa, Florida. There are two VM categories: 1945 and prior designs, "Traditional M"; and post-1945 through 1970 designs, "High Flyer M". For rating rules and VM registration, contact Charlie Roden, VM Coordinator, 19 Oak Glen Ln., Colts Neck, NJ 07722, (732) 462-7483, <cer@monmouth.com>

## Traditional Sailing Craft/Scale Models Group

The 2001 national racing/display regatta for R/C traditional sailing models is August 3-5 at the Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic, Connecticut. It will feature the national traditional sailing craft/scale model regatta, a regional J Class model championship and a supporting indoor model exhibit. Contact Harry Mote, Traditional Sailing Craft/Scale Coordinator, 18 Woodmansee Blvd., Barnegat, NJ 08005, (609) 660-0100, <stryker@cybercomm.net>. Contact for the J racing and exhibit is John Snow, 78 East Orchard St., Marblehead, MA 01945, (781) 631-4203, www.swcp.com/usvmyg.

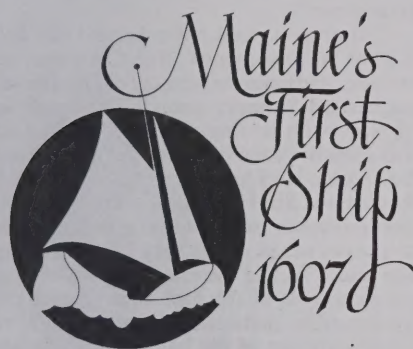
## International A Class Models

The VMYG has assumed responsibility for the International A Class models in an agreement with the American Model Yacht Association. The background of this class in the formative years of model yachting when it became a national sport in this country fits the VMYG purpose. Without a champion to provide continued visibility to A boats and their activities, it seemed probable the Class could become totally dormant. Rod Carr will be the initial VMYG coordinator for A Class models. Rod brings expert knowledge to this position, given his long service to the sport and ownership of a Vintage A (VA) boat. The VMYG will support modern A designs as well. It is our intention to identify all current and past A owners, in order to send them an A Class packet describing how the VMYG plans to promote A models in general.



## Other Events

In addition to the above mentioned events for vintage model yachts, the VMYG will be at ten major events catering to vintage model yachts during the season, beginning at the Mystic Yachting History Symposium at Mystic Seaport March 23-24. Persons wishing to learn more about the VMYG and the schedule of events and activities should inquire for further particulars.



Reconstructing the Pinnacle

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## Maine's First Ship Is a Pinnacle

Little is known about the 1607/8 Popham Colony's "pretty pinnacle" other than her name and builder, her tonnage, and a bit of her history. One thing we've discovered since our project started is that it's important to understand what we're talking about. "What is a pinnacle?" is a question often asked. We'd like to share with you some interesting information about the term that describes our vessel.

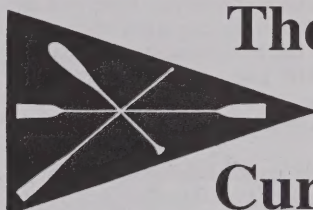
William Strachey, in his *The Historic of Travaile into Virginia Britannia*, states: "...and they framed a pretty pinnacle of some about some thirty tonne, which they called the *Virginia*, the chief shipwright being one Digby of London..."

William Avery Baker, in his *Colonial Vessels: Some Seventeenth Century Ship Designs*, states: "The pinnacle category is perhaps the most confusing of all the early seventeenth-century types of vessels. The term was employed for small open pulling boats as well as for relatively large seagoing vessels that carried the normal ship rig of the period."

Baker also states in his *Maritime History of Bath, Maine and the Kennebec River Region*: "...in the early seventh century and indeed to perhaps as late as the mid-nineteenth century, vessel type names were based more on construction and hull form than on rig. Further we must realize that the employment of a vessel often determined her designation regardless of construction, form, or rig."

A pinnacle was just such a vessel. When several large merchant or warships (there was little if any difference between them around 1600) were sent off on an expedition, smaller vessels went along to scout ahead, to explore

coastal waters where the large ships could not be hazarded, and the like. These were the pinnaces, the tenders for the fleet. Such pinnaces might reasonably be defined as lightly built, single-decked, square-sterned sailing vessels of from 15 to 200 tons burden having from one to three masts supporting a variety of sail plans and, in general, capable of being propelled by oars in calm weather."



## The Current

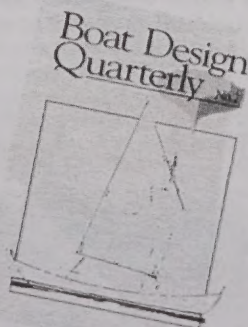
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## New Year's Day Icy Fun

The year 2001 opened with a nice, clear day with a hint of a breeze and lots of floating ice in the river off Essex Landing. Nonetheless, club members launched the gig *Current* across the beached, low-tide ice, found patches of open water at the end of the Essex pier, and set out for several circuits of Essex harbor. The Coast Guard tug-icebreaker *Bollard* was at work in the river's main channel, but rowers Jon Persson, Geoff Conklin, Ed Monahan, Joanne Santangelo, and John Stratton ably continued the club's 17-year tradition of January 1 outings. Several club members and friends offered encouragement from terra firma.

## 2001 Activity Schedule

The plans for a full season of activity are being drawn up, interested readers are invited to request schedule copies.



Joseph Goldenberg, in his *Shipbuilding in Colonial America* states: The pinnacle was a lightly constructed vessel designed to move easily under sails or sweeps (long oars). Light draft and good maneuverability made pinnaces especially useful for trading and exploration ventures. Pinnacle rigs varied in size from a single mast with main and staysails for a smaller model to a full rig ship for a 50-tonner."

## New Oars for Freshet Class

The plain, standard oars we have used for the past few years on our fleet of triples, the three CROPC "1-2-3" craft, will soon be supplemented by a set of three Shaw and Tenney, Concept2, or Virus oars, which will be lighter, longer, and better balanced for the vessels. This will be a substantial investment which should pay off in more rower-friendly outings.

## ERV: Junior or Senior?

The long-planned Expeditionary Rowing Vessel is beginning to move from the design/planning stage to materials ordering. Jon Persson has been working with Kathy David of Maritime Education to develop the project as a learning experience for high-school-age students from area schools. Careful planning at this stage may well yield a "kit" approach to speed the building process. The ERV is being developed in 22' x 6' and a 30' x 6' versions for youth and/or adult use.

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*Alciope* takes the lead on the reach.



*Kaselehliia* takes the lead on the run.

## The 1st & 2nd Annual International Salish Sea Sea Pearl Regattas

By John Scull (with help from Linda, Colin, and Mary)

Until 1999, I had never seen another Sea Pearl 21 here in the Salish Sea (the waters of Georgia Strait and Puget Sound). I had never met anyone who had seen one here, and the only people who ever recognized my boat as a Sea Pearl 21 had been from the east coast or readers of *MAIB*. I was so sure of my boat's singularity that I never named her, we just called her Sea Pearl, the name already printed on her hull.

In 1999 my spouse Linda Hill and I sailed across the border from British Columbia to visit some friends on Lopez Island, Washington, whose neighbors refer to our black-hulled Sea Pearl as "the pirate ship". We were returning from a Sunday morning cinnamon bun run to Holly B's bakery when I spotted two white Sea-Pearl sails out on Fisherman Bay. We loaded the Sea Pearl with attractive young people and sailed up Fisherman Bay to the marina where the other Sea Pearl had tied to a float. As I brought my boat up into the wind to raft along side, the owner of the other boat shouted, "Look out, I think our boat wants to mate with yours," so I knew I had found a kindred spirit.

While we held the two boats apart and chatted, we briefly compared his immaculate *Alciope* with the somewhat battered, tired, nameless Sea Pearl in which Linda and I have been sailing and camping for nearly ten years. We exchanged e-mail addresses with the owners, Colin and Mary Hermans, before they headed back to Friday Harbor on San Juan Island with their crew. We sailed in company for a few minutes, and then bid farewell, agreeing to hold the 2nd Annual International Salish Sea Sea Pearl Regatta on the Canadian side of the border in 2000.

I spent the winter trying to think of a name for my boat that would be as difficult to pronounce as *Alciope* and finally settled on the word for Aloha from our former home island of Pohnpei, *Kaselehliia*. We also spent the winter planning the 2000 regatta by e-mail.

At the 2nd Annual International Salish Sea Pearl Regatta we shared a cabin in a small resort on the north shore of Shark Cove between North and South Pender Islands in Canada's Gulf Islands. Linda and I arrived at the regatta after several days of camping in

the Gulf Islands. We were dirty and dented and the bottom of *Kaselehliia* was growing weeds. Colin and Mary arrived fresh and clean having just launched *Alciope* from a trailer that morning. There being no wind that day, they had motored across glassy waters from their home near Friday Harbor only about 25 miles away on San Juan Island. They arrived clean and pristine in the beautiful and sparkling *Alciope*. After settling into our cabin, we tested *Alciope*'s Maas carbon-fiber oars by rowing *Kaselehliia* from Shark Cove to the pub near the head of Port Browning where we all had a great dinner.

The regatta took place the next day, July 5, 2000. We rowed out of Shark Cove, unrolled our sails, and began tacking out of Port Browning toward Plumper Sound. The sparkling *Alciope*, with its immaculate white bottom, was clearly faster than the weedy, battered *Kaselehliia*, but I had a secret weapon, Linda the tactician. She had spent her childhood summers on Pender Island and her grandfather had taught her to sail in this very Port Browning. She said, "Tack in the middle so you stay on the south side of the bay, there's never any wind near the north shore." Sure enough, we sailed right out of the bay while Colin and Mary drifted under limp sails.

We waited for them to reach the thermals which were beginning to make little whitecaps on Plumper Sound, and then both boats reached across the sound to Saturna Island and back to the Penders before losing our wind again. Again *Alciope* demonstrated the virtue of an immaculate bottom, but *Kaselehliia*, being somewhat more heavily ballasted by her skipper, took better advantage of the strongest gusts as both boats approached hull speed. The two Sea Pearls made a beautiful sight. Running back into Port Browning *Kaselehliia* again stayed to the south of *Alciope* and finished first, a clear victory for brains (local knowledge?) over beauty.

Back at the cabin we had the biggest surprise of the regatta. Colin is a gourmet cook of incredible skill. The evening was filled with good fellowship and laughter.

By noon the next day we had bid farewell and were heading in opposite directions, having agreed to plan a 3rd Annual International Salish Sea Sea Pearl Regatta somewhere on the American side of Haro Strait and Boundary Pass. We believe the regatta should be open to any Sea Pearl with a crew that is brave enough to attend. Contact John at <jscull@island.net> or Colin at <hermans@rockisland.com> to join in fierce competition rigged in favor of those hosting the event and lots of laughter if you enjoy laughing at yourself.

*Alciope* with her fabulous oars and attractive crew.



*Kaselehliia* in light airs.



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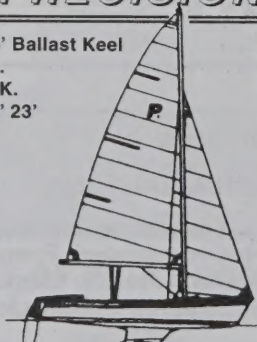
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*Nina*, light air, oars at the ready.

By Jim Thayer

## Kokopelli Rides Again

Photos by Steve Axon and Dennis Bradley

The boats that gathered this year were an eclectic bunch if ever there was one. Queen of the fleet, by virtue of elegant form as well as size was Dennis Bradley's *Egret* designed years ago by Commodore Munroe. With length the only criterion, next came Dewitt Smith's lovely Victory 21, *Gusty*. Following on down we find Steve Axon's Sea Pearl, *Ripple*, the author's 15' *Nina*, Steve Case's Macgregor decked canoe and Jay Lapreau's Laser. Can such a disparate assemblage live happily together on a week's cruise?

For Dennis and crew Don Greenhek, getting there must have been half the fun. They hauled in from Minnesota and stopped by my place for some sightseeing while I got my act together.

Captivated by Romily's high aspect lug mains'l and the glowing writeup in *Watercraft* #15, I put one together the day before Dennis showed. I had just whipped out a set of Robb White spars for it. The sail wasn't quite finished but was lashed on and loaded anyway. I customarily finish sails on the beach. Grommets up the leech have drawn questions from knowledgeable bystanders.

We'd have gotten away in good time Friday except that the lights on my second hand trailer were working in the random fashion peculiar to boat trailers. With Dennis' can-do enthusiasm tempered by Don's do-it-right-the-first-time engineering conservatism and my twist and tape skills, we had it set to rights by lunch time. With that and other noodling around we were on 1-70 west by 1600.

The 100 miles from Grand Junction to Green River is absolutely desolate and totally devoid of interest, unless you like that sort of thing. As the sun lowers and the colors begin to glow, it can be enchanting. We broke the trip for a short geology seminar.

Dusk found us at the locally recommended Ben's in Green River for buena comida with dubious service. Just after crossing the San Rafael river we found the gate for the Black Dragon pictograph road and pulled off into the bush. There was enough moon for a nice walk before hitting the bunks.

Saturday morning there was a fine sunrise and soon after we pulled into a rest stop where we could whip up some breakfast while admiring the steeply dipping eastern flank of the San Rafael swell.

It was about 300 miles to the rendezvous point and we had all day so we hit all the overlooks on the Swell and a number of golden aspen stops on the way up Boulder Mt. At one overlook a couple eating lunch took an interest in *Egret* and Dennis immediately booted up his Carefree Small Boat Cruising Program. Dennis will launch into his boating fun mode at the drop of glance. That's how I first met the guy, when I peeped over the gunnel of a Long Micro down in LA some years ago.

The day was definitely waning as *Egret*'s trailer brakes smoked down the long grade into the Escalante canyon. We fueled up in Escalante, a once quaint little Mormon town with many nifty brick houses, that has been trashed in the best American tradition.

I had been inquiring about the Cotton-

wood Canyon road that goes south out of Cannondale and the general feeling was that it was okay if dry. It's listed as a back country byway suitable for passenger cars. It was a long way around the pavement and getting later by the minute so we turned south. The pavement ran out at Kodachrome Basin and we nearly bought the farm just past the first 15mph curve sign. We were believers for the rest of the run. We hit a long stretch of deep powder and then a steep hill but Dennis had a big 4WD drive diesel so not to worry.

*Egret* has a long horizontal rudder with end plates top and bottom (looks like an I-beam) which can be pulled up against the hull. However, levered out about 15' behind the axle it looked rather vulnerable. I got Dennis to pull slowly through one wash while I watched, and it dragged. Rather than wait for a report he was off and away and I never managed to head him.

I finally caught up when they stopped at the highway to check the rig. The rudder was bent up at a vortex inducing angle and the big portside pipe stanchion that held the tail light and kept the boat centered had gone by the board. Now, Dennis is a man of benevolent demeanor and admirable sang froid, but he was moved to question my judgment, and moreover, even my fitness as a guide.

We turned right, crossed the Paria River to get our bearings, then doubled back to take the first right for several more miles of dirt. Dennis, somewhat chastened now, stopped to check a deep wash and Don called it no go, so they hopped in *Nina* and we continued in





Sundown first camp.

search of the Salt Lake bunch. Shortly we were hailed by a familiar silhouette on the roadside and Steve Axon, who had come to investigate the noise, was added to our coterie.

We were soon amongst friendly natives. Jay brought out a box, which was to nourish us well into the trip, while I dredged crackers,

cans, and cheese from *Nina's* bilge. The dust went unnoticed in the moonlight as we caught up on a year's doings.

Next morn at the crack, sans so much as a cup, I hit the back trail on the lookout for the vagrant stanchion. No luck. I was just back at the pavement hitching up the boat when the

caravan hove into view and we continued ensemble for State Line ramp.

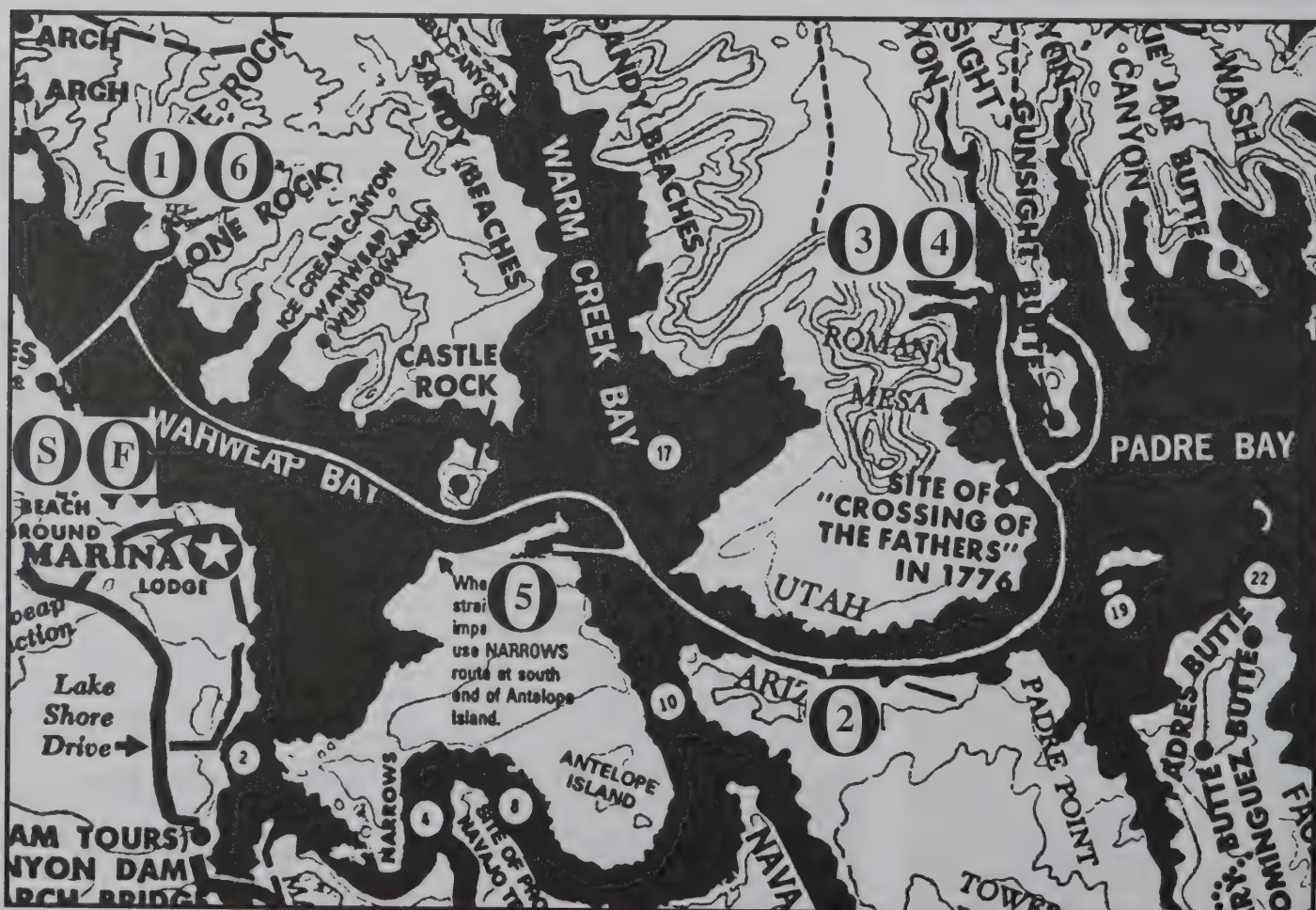
Launching set a new record, six hours, according to Steve. We better adopt a little convention here. Steve Axon brought along a friend from Salt Lake, Steve Case, an art teacher on sabbatical and un vrai artiste as well. From now on we will just refer to him as the Artist

Dewitt has a deal of work to set up his marconi rig and was into some sort of upholstery work as well. Dennis had two masts and his new bowsprit to sort out. Jay had to secure his gear on the deck of the *Laser* and I was putting grommets in my reef patches. Don and I made a supply run to town and I was completely undone by eighteen packs of top drawer beer for \$4.99 with my Safeway value card.

As usual, Steve was away first and the rest came straggling after. Not far off the beach Don stepped on a line and pitched himself right off the boat. He managed to get a grip on the boat and Dennis had him back aboard after a short struggle. One can't be too careful. Perhaps one had rather council preparedness/like wearing a pfd. It may be a long time coming but sooner or later you're going to fall off the boat.

It was a close reach right across Wahweap Bay, which became a beat when we got into our canyon. I was making hard work of it when Dewitt passed me up like a dirty shirt. It made me some nice video however

Steve had us a good spot right at the head of the canyon and Dennis was at work on his potato(e) soup. He made a batch in London (the full story will be told someday) which was





sublime. Alas, Page, Arizona is too provincial to supply the requisite leeks but he made do with onions and frozen salmon. The result was cordon bleu. Dewitt's peach chardonay was a pleasant accompaniment

After supper I fired up the Coleman and busied myself making up reef points I think the rest of the gang went to bed early.

Monday morn Steve did banana pancakes for breakfast. The Artist did some sketching and then started poking holes in his sail and reinforcing them with duct tape to produce a jury rig reefing arrangement. I was first away about 11am and coming out of the canyon found a mild breeze which hung around the SE all day and gradually built to about 15. After about four hours hard on the wind I found Steve at out first day's camp from the '98 Kokopelli.

I hopped into the Pearl and we went out to get some video of Jay and the Artist. After some minutes of Jay hot-dogging around in the Laser we stopped by the Artist, who was getting a little weary. We gave him some words of encouragement and pointed the way to camp and then went off to explore the main channel which loops around the south side of Antelope Island.

As luck would have it, Jay followed and when we came back we found that we had lured the Artist off course. We unburdened him of the windsurfer sail so that he could get warmed up and limbered up with his double paddle. He hit the beach just a few minutes after we did, demonstrating once again that sailboats are not very efficient to windward.

Dewitt was in his Deutsh mode and served up kielbasa, kraut, mashed potatoes, applesauce, and a midwestern filip of corn on the cob. All this was sluiced along with a black cherry cabernet followed by Bavarian mints for desert. These Wild Vines fruit flavored varietals that Dewitt comes up with can be quite attractive.

Tuesday: Dennis and Dewitt spent the night in a very snug hole about a hundred yards east of us. Imagining I could smell pancakes I rowed over and lay alongside to check it out. Sure enough, Egret's cockpit was soon crammed with dawn gourmets gnoshing on pecan hotcakes gilded with Mrs. Thayer's peach jam, warmed over kielbasa, and fine coffee..

This year's Koko was a virtual traveling Starbucks. Jay, the Artist and Dewitt each have an elegant outfit no doubt based on the latest scientific discoveries. Fortunately they are independent of the grid and the web. Dennis has one of those indestructible cast aluminum two cup things that looks like a piece of lab equipment

Myself, I load the old McDonald's cup with a spoonful each of sugar and instant, a slug of rum to promote solubility, then fill with hot water and a ladle of milk. I end up with much the finest drink with a fraction of the effort, not to mention expense. Steve eschews the vile brew altogether, preferring to delicately lick the morning dew from the leaves

Steve is a weather junky and keeps his ear to a little weather radio which broadcasts directly from the front office. It reports nothing but fronts. This morning he reports that we must look forward to an entire week of abysmal weather, starting with a strong south wind today. Early there were a few shafts of sunlight but now the blue black sky lends credibility to his dire warnings

To see how it is going to work, I tie in my first reef which whacks about 30% off the area. Although there is scarcely a breath of wind where we are tucked in, I decide to leave it in and row out into the stream. Some of the others are going for a walk.

It was well that I kept it in for there was a certain amount of flapping as I hoisted sail and got squared away. I kept her hard on the wind and close under the lee for a couple of miles which resulted in some fluky going and occasional exuberant gusts. With Gunsight Butte to the NE we bore away for a spirited run. Rather more spirited than I cared for actually. From time to time I considered another reef but decided it might be a bit messy.

My little mizzen is helpful but won't really hold her up in this kind of going. *Nina* is a stiff enough boat that I could just drop the whole mess in the cockpit and let her wander around while I sort it out at leisure. It takes but a second to jerk it back up when all is ready. Reefing is a matter that deserves your utmost consideration as well as some serious practice.

There was no problem as long as I kept my eye on the ball. As the fetch increased we built up to perhaps 3' rollers that provided some surfing. At the first point that offered some protection I bit my lip, jibed over and ran onto the beach. From a nearby rock my Davis Turbometer gave a steady 20 with occasional blips to 25. Steve came charging by reefed to two handkerchiefs and his beard.

Now that I was reefed to the throat with the mizzen struck, the tempest became a pussycat. My knuckles regained their color. I leaned back and put my feet up. I even considered fixing a cup but I had freeloarded for breakfast and the thermos was empty.

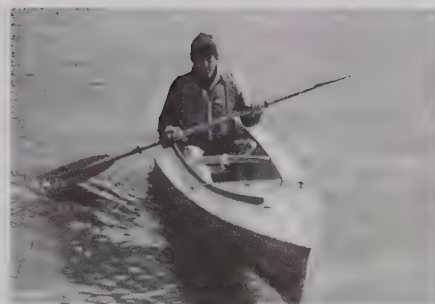
A ways into Gunsight Bay a big bay opened to the west. I decided to have a look and try my abbreviated rig to windward. She did fine as long as it blew hard but in the lulls she died. I think the mizzen would have helped but I was too lazy to hoist it. There are those real sailors who are always tweaking and testing but I suspect that there are many like myself who, as long as they are not in mortal danger or dead in the water, are content to just plonk along.

Puttering along downwind I came at last to what appeared to be the end. With a light drizzle beginning and all that push behind me I was in no mood for a lee shore dead end. There was no sign of Steve, which argued for carrying on.

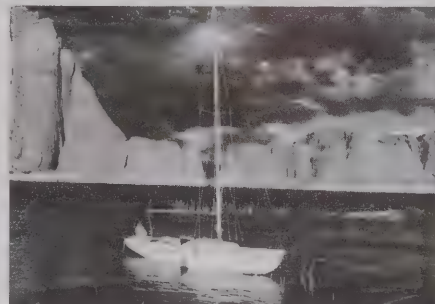
As soon as I ran ashore it began to pour down. I pulled on my oilies and as I was already chilled, perhaps even hypothermic, I had a sudden vision of myself at home by the hearth with grandchildren at my knee. I decided on a hike to generate some heat. I slogged up a nearby hill to find that the water went on but saw no sign of Steve although he turned out to have been up there.

I slogged back to the ship (it's definitely sloggerier going uphill) where I fired up the stove for a cup of soup. I had a second and was trying to figure out how much rum the conditions warranted (there should be a standard table) when Steve motored up. By now the rain was pretty well spent so we cruised up a bare rock hill to the south where we descried Dewitt reaching to and fro. He seemed to ignore our waving so Steve went out to fetch him in.

The sun was soon shining brightly and



Author tries Steve Case's lovely Macgregor.



Dewitt's lovely *Gusty* with dramatic light.



Canoe with windsurfer sail.

*Egret* with Dennis' new jib rig.







*Nina makes the cut.*

*Egret in the cut.*



thoughts of home and hearth were forgotten. Although not as cosy as Steve's chosen spot, this beach had more expansive views and better firewood potential so we elected to move Steve's gear.

Steve plopped his fully erected tent amidships. I was looped around the foremast clutching the front of the thing and he had a line on the rear. No problem till we came out in the open and caught the full brunt of the blow. There was potential for torn nails if not loss of the whole shebang but we made it. I was wondering if it was possible to get carpal tunnel syndrome in fifteen minutes but my fingers uncurled enough to hold a fork at supper and there seems to be no permanent damage.

The Artist served up chicken stew for supper. Certainly it rated a more exotic name. He also laid on a dandy R.H. Philips Sauvignon blanc, the remainder of which I enjoyed with a toasted cheese sandwich high on Boulder Mt. on the way home. We had a fire and sat up moderately late. The sky was

benign.

Wednesday: Around 5am it began to sprinkle and I pulled the sail over me. At first light it got more serious and I felt the dreaded cold trickle on my feet. The sail was still double reefed and only had about 5' of coverage. Finally I got courage enough to poke my head out and found thick dark clouds right down to the cliff tops. The Artist, looking a bit sodden, was involved with his coffee machine. Steve's filthy week weather forecast looked not only possible but probable. I pulled in head and feet and retreated to a warm kitchen where my lovely mate laid nicely poached eggs before me.

Soon the pitter-patter faded and I peeked out to find a couple of ragged blue holes in the shaggy blanket. In no time the bag was up the mast and we were gathered around the stove nursing our steaming cups. Incidentally, the bag, coats, and other similar items should have hanging loops sewed on.

We were all fat and happy, the morning was well advanced, and no obvious destination presented itself. What to do? Earlier, the Artist had investigated a narrow pass that opened across the bay. He thought it doubtful for *Egret*. I barrowed the MacGregor (it paddled marvelously) and had a look, finding it possible. With this info in mind we set off for a daysail.

Steve, Jay, the Artist and myself were aboard *Nina* with the rest on *Egret*, save Dewitt, who elected to hold the fort. We soon had the first reef out and soon after, the second. After that Steve jumped ship for *Egret* which offered more tuning possibilities.

Along about 1300, as we rounded Gunsight Butte, the wind fell light and we rafted up for lunch. This of course energized the wind and it was one hand for yourself and one for the chow.

Later, with *Egret* in the lead, we were definitely headed for the narrow pass. I hadn't thought Dennis was interested, but no doubt his sporting blood was still high from the Cottonwood Canyon adventure. While they got sail off we moved in and when it got too narrow for rowing, we went to paddling and poling. Piece of cake. It was a bit dicier for *Egret* but with the motor for push they could concentrate on fending off. It was a short reach to the beach and we landed quite full of ourselves. The wind had moderated and the sun was pouring out of a cloudless sky so I recruited Dennis and the Artist for a run to the end of the water.

Dennis had the helm as we tootled along, when we were hailed by a man on the beach near a houseboat. Turned out to be a sailorman from SoCal interested in the boat, so we put him on the helm and pushed off. Naturally, the wind died dead away. Sculling with the rudder and blowing on the sails we managed to work our way back. Turns out these guys were there for the fishing and, like most ardent fishermen, they had more fish than they could eat. We embarked a nice bag of striped filets and continued upstream, the wind's contempt for southern Californians no longer a problem.

We realized at the outset that we would have to work to get home. It's not called "working to windward" for nothing. In open water it can indeed be a drag, but in narrow waters it is a whole different ballgame. One worries not about VMG but pinches for every inch, consistent with sufficient momentum.

Failed tacks are not an option. Approaching a cliff one holds on until it looks like a sure crash. Only the helmsman has a sure feel for what she'll do.

Coming up on a bank it's hard to tell just how much water you've got. With a good hand on the board you can touch and still make it. In brushy waters, which are often found at Powell, a seemingly clear path may hide some short guy waiting to grab your board or snag your rudder.

Even in dull country it is good fun, but in the sublime and awesome beauty of the canyon country it's enchanting. Each tack is a play. The hands add up. The game can be thrilling but is never perfect. It is perhaps the best sailing there is.

When appraised of our benthic bounty, Steve got a fire going and did the filets to a turn. Jay followed on with a humongous salad and black beans and rice. There was a Woodbridge chardonnay for the cups. The moon came up big as a wok, balanced momentarily on the cliff top for a photo op, then leaped up to smile upon our happy group.

We had a nice little fire and I made my usual comment about there being three things nobody can do right, one being "poke a fire". Can't for the life of me think what the other two are. We nursed the blaze along until ten or so and bagged it up with never a thought for the weather.

Thursday: Not a cloud in the sky this morn. Don was into corned beef hash with potatoes that Dennis had providentially boiled the evening before. I boiled a dozen eggs, which didn't sell well but which came in handy for lunch. Dennis was engrossed in custom pancakes, square ones for Steve's dish and a *Nina* model for me.

After a morning of ripples, some after noon, we rounded the corner of Padre Bay into the main channel. The Artist and I had seasawed back and forth in the light air since the start. *Gusty* and the *Laser* were somewhere behind but came up with us about three. *Egret* was not far back. The plan had been to look into Warm Creek Bay to see what it offered but the slow pace killed that option and we headed straight west for a wide beach on Antelope Island.

Dewitt dropped his anchor as usual but then did something that got the rode around his keel. We couldn't get it off from the boats and he had to go over the side. Steve did spaghetti with a splendid sauce heavy on the mushrooms. A nice Corbet Canyon cabernet was just the ticket.

Later on, a decent breeze and a near full moon suggested a sail. *Nina* was pushed off with Jay on the helm and Steve as lookout. We reached straight out to a flashing mark and then straight back. I had made my coffee in the dark and had obviously put too much rum in it so was feeling rather mellow the whole way.

Friday: Steve got away early to nail down our Sunday camp, from where we would have a short leg to the takeout. The rest of us were on the water by ten or so, all except Dewitt rowing, as Steve had taken the wind with him. Dennis rows *Egret* with ten foot oars and she moves right along.

We were bucking traffic in the main channel as we rounded Antelope Island. There was a steady stream of houseboats, tour boats, ski boats, sex condos, idiot bombs, and one sinister black bass blaster. As I approached the



mark, an overtaking houseboat cuddled up to starboard and a ski boat shot between me and the mark. The ding-a-rings probably thought that I would enjoy the action

There is supposed to be a pass around the north side of the Castle. *Egret* and the canoe were well down toward it and I expected them to disappear at any moment, but they turned south to go around the long way. I was tempted to carry on but decided I had better not second guess the guys on the scene so hardened up to follow. It was slow and sloppy going till we got around the Castle and then a pleasant pokey run down to our canyon

I chose to follow *Egret* on down to look at Window Rock, even though I had supper duty. It's a very impressive natural wonder. I didn't have time to linger so was soon hard on the wind thinking maybe I could lay the canyon. The question was academic as Steve, who keeps a close eye on things, especially where food is concerned, was soon alongside to offer a tow

To keep the wolves at bay while I prepared the main course, I whipped up a little dip of which I am quite fond. Mix one can of refried beans with 8oz of cream cheese. Warming helps. Load it up with a handful of finely chopped peppers, onions and tomatoes. Up the bean ratio, go easy on the hot peppers and you have a good side dish, hot or cold. I did my standard himmel und erde complemented by a good Vendage zin and a rather thin Beaujolais.

Since it was the last night, we had a white man fire and burned the woodbox. Dennis brought out some out of date flares which were all duds. They didn't even do anything when chunked in the fire, which move probably wasn't too smart but we all stood well back.

Saturday: After a hearty breakfast of, would you believe, spaghetti, we all, except Dewitt, set off rowing for the takeout. We had some breeze but probably rowed one third with a good scoot at the end. We were soon derigged and on the trail for home.

*Egret* took to the pavement but I went via Cottonwood Canyon to look for trailer parts and see what the place really looked like. After camping near Grovesner Arch, I crawled up a steep rocky hill and, once on top, looked back to see my boat at an odd angle. The winch rope had broken and the tilt latch had come undone, two failures which added up to a somewhat diminished skeg.

Safely on the pavement, I looked back to see smoke. The spot welds on the fender had broken and the bracket had peeled the tread off a near new tire. I unbolted the junk, put on one of my 8" spares and was late for breakfast

Certainly not by design, this year's Kokopelli turned out to be an old boys' party. Linda Bradley went off the deep end and got a job. Jim and Linde Jenrich were tied up with one thing and another. We'll have to turn up some young blood or Intermountain sailing will go the way of the dinosaur

Well, it was a great trip. Steve is already talking up a spring edition. What to call it? There will of course be a video. A fancy one if I ever learn to run the damn IMac.

Romily rig setting well.



Antelope Island, sloppy furl.



Morning last day.



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In May of '99, I got the opportunity to help deliver a 45' sailboat to the east coast. The boat was to be moved from Detroit, Michigan to Marion, Massachusetts. This trip would include all of Lake Erie, the New York State Barge Canal (Erie Canal), the Hudson River, and a trip up the coast to Cape Cod.

Being a retired lock and dam operator, for me a trip through the canal would be a busman's holiday. I was thrilled with the idea of doing the canal, and I arranged for the time off with my employers. I loved the idea of going through someone else's locks and seeing how they did the work that I had done for so many years.

The boat was the *Hindzite*, registered in Big Sky, Montana. The owner and skipper was Chuck Hinze. I was the only person, other than Chuck, to make the entire trip. Pat O'Rourke was with us on the first leg of the trip. I had sailed with Pat before and enjoyed his company. Chuck, Pat, and I met at the Minneapolis airport early on a Saturday morning and made a fast flight to Detroit, followed by a fast \$45 dollar cab ride that brought us to the Bay View Marina on the Detroit river. We loaded our gear onto the boat, got some groceries aboard, and did the many other things that need doing prior to a trip.

We got underway at 0615 Sunday morning, headed down river past the city of Detroit, and into Lake Erie at about 0910. We sailed and motored the length of Lake Erie in fair weather with a light wind nearly off the bow. This portion of the trip was uneventful. We had to watch our navigation rather closely, as our 9' draft kept us out of large portions of this Great Lake. On the western end of the lake, we stuck pretty close to the shipping lanes.



Buffalo waterfront seen from the lake.

We arrived off Buffalo at about 1600 the next day (Monday). The ships had departed a few miles earlier and turned north into the Welland Canal. This canal, leading to Lake Ontario, parallels the Niagara River. Our plans didn't include Lake Ontario, so we sailed into the breakwater at Buffalo and into the Niagara River. The first few miles of this river is canalized behind some natural islands and some man-made dikes. That evening, the river was filled with wave after wave of rowing shells. The crews seemed to ignore us and passed on both sides of our boat, so we ignored them and stayed in mid-channel.

We passed under a railroad lift-bridge and up to our first lock. We had been sailing at an elevation of 575' since leaving the Detroit River. The next week would have us going up and down, over hill and dale, until we arrived at sea level on the Hudson River.

The first lock on the river was run by the Corps of Engineers (my old employers), and the service was so-so. Between the bridge and the lock, we lost a lot of time. This didn't matter, but we wanted to be off the river and tied up before dark. Below the lock, the river

## Over Hill Over Dale

By Mississippi Bob

flows quite fast, but it is a big river and the channel is well marked. Knowing that Niagara Falls was only a few miles ahead made me think about all the things that could go wrong. There were a lot of other boats out that evening, and they didn't seem a bit worried.

We found the western end of the Erie Canal, turned into it, and got tied up at about 1900, still long before dark. Our mooring was a sheet-piling wall in the town of Tonawanda, New York. The place where we tied up was a rather nice park, quite close to good shopping and a large number of restaurants.

We were tied across the canal from Wardell's Boat yard. This is where we planned to get our mast lowered the next day, so Pat and I got the sails off and used the nice grassy park to lay them out and fold them. The sails on a 45' boat are a lot of fabric, and it was all the three of us could do to get the bagged sails back on-board and down the forward hatch.

Chuck wanted to buy us supper, so we headed into the old downtown area. There were a large number of eating places, but it was getting late and many of the best ones were already closed, so we went to the Golden Arches for supper.

We spent the next morning (Tuesday) waiting our turn to get to the hoist and get the stick lowered. Pat and I chatted a bit with some westbound boaters who were also waiting to get their sticks back up. I took notes about good places to stop. Our turn finally arrived, we crossed the canal, and worked our way through the muddy bottom to get our 8'6" draft up to Wardell's dock.

Wardell's is a minimum boat yard. The owner is long on experience, but short on equipment. His hoist consisted of an old army deuce-and-a-half that had the box and body removed to make room for the homemade crane that he used for this work. With Wardell's help, we got the mast safely lowered onto some stands that held it high enough above our deck that we could walk about under it. We secured the mast there for our weeklong trip through the canal, and moved the boat back to the wall on the south side. We now had a 70' boat with very fragile ends.



A 70' boat with very fragile ends.

Pat had to leave us at this time, and he headed to Niagara Falls for the night, before catching his plane the next day out of Buffalo. Dale and Ed came aboard about the same time and we had a crew again. I got introduced

to the new crew over supper at one of the town's better restaurants that was still an easy walk from our landing. We hiked uptown in a pouring rain, stopped at a large grocery on our return, and loaded up on provisions for the next week. Thank God for plastic bags; we got our stores back safely and stowed them.

We found just about everything we needed in Tonawanda except a shower. I hadn't shaved or showered since leaving Detroit, and was beginning to smell quite ripe, so I grabbed my kit and headed back to the local McDonalds to clean up in their rest room.

It was close to closing time, and, while I was shaving, one of the workers came in with a mop and bucket. He asked me what I was doing. "Shaving," I answered.

"Can't you find a better place to do that?" he asked.

"Not when you live under a bridge," I replied. He left in a big hurry, didn't even take his mop. I finished my bath, fully expecting a manager to come in and evict me bodily. As I left, I bought an ice cream cone and stared right back at the kid staring at me from the safety of the kitchen.

Wednesday at 0615, we got underway eastbound in the New York State Barge Canal, often called the Erie Canal. The rain had quit while I slept and it was a real nice morning. We all stayed up on deck and watched the shore go by. This section of the canal is basically a dug ditch needing very few markers for navigating, so Mr. Ed steered down the center and the rest of us just watched some very nice homes and parks slide silently by. Along the canal's western end the shore is nearly all built up.

About 1000 we arrived at our first canal lock. This was Lock 36 at Lockport. Locks 36 and 35 each have a 25' drop. The two locks share one gate, so boats go directly from one lock to the next. Locks 35 and 36 replace a series of old Erie Canal locks that had 10' lifts. The old canal had ten locks at this place, five upbound and five downbound. Five of the small locks are still there, but the other ones were replaced by progress. Our first lockage was a disaster, a real fiasco. Everything that could go wrong, did.



Looking back at Lock 35, old canal locks on the right.

There is a publication called *Your Key to the Lock* printed by my old employers. There is a drawing of a boat locking through with a line up to the wall and back to the boat. This drawing is copied in Chapman. We all know that Chapman is the gospel of boating, right? Well folks, I had never locked a boat that way in my career and always had my doubts.

Chuck had seen this drawing somewhere



and thought we should do it that way. Chuck was the captain, so we did it his way. All went well as we dropped 25'. Then, when it was time to leave, we couldn't pull the line down from the wall. It was fouled on top, out of our view. I tried rolling it off from below. Finally, we tried pulling it off with the moving boat. The line wanted to stay at Lock 36. The skipper gave it up for lost and we motored into 35.

Dale jumped ship at 35, ran up the steps to 36, and retrieved our line, while Mr. Ed and I figured a simpler way of locking safely. We found that each lock had wires that were attached to the wall vertically. They were spaced out along the wall at convenient distances, so we could easily reach one at the bow and another at the stern. We ran a short line from the boat around this wire and hand-held it on deck. No more panicking during a lockage.

Between the Black Rock Lock (on the river) and the drop at Lockport, we were now about 60' below Lake Erie. We were starting a trip that would take us up and down as we traveled east across upstate New York.

Below Lockport, we began to get out into the country. We were surrounded by nice farmland with rolling hills. I began to notice that we were often traveling on water that was higher than the surrounding countryside. We were passing barns who's roofs barely reached above the top of the dike. We were traveling past rolling country, but the water surface and dikes were level, which was hard for this old river rat to grasp.

Chuck wanted to top off our diesel tanks, so we stopped at Medina. The town had a nice mural painted on a long wall next to a fine wooden dock. The mural welcomed us to Medina, so we tied-to, while Chuck and Dale ran uptown with the jerry cans looking for fuel. When they returned empty handed, I was just finishing a washdown with free water provided at the city dock. We topped off our water tanks and got underway again.

We continued eastbound to the town of Brockport where we tied up for the night. We had hoped to make Spencerport, but during this early season the locks and bridges shut down at 1900. Had we gone on, we would have ended up spending the night in the boonies. Our crew didn't want no boonies. Brockport had a very neat wall to tie to only a block from the old downtown. We connected to their free 120v, 30a service and headed into town to see the place.

We found several restaurants within an easy walk. We also found a good drugstore and grocery in a shopping center just north of the canal. One thing that we didn't find was showers, so after touring the town, we ate (smelly as we were) at "The Galley", a restaurant right next to our mooring, probably the best place in town.

On Thursday morning, we got underway at 0700 just as the bridge tender was starting his day. We made a quick stop at Spencerport an hour later and got a free pump-out. The bridge tender at Spencerport helped us land and showed us how to use their equipment. I can't say enough good things about the folks who run this canal. In the thirty years that I ran a lock on the Mississippi River for the Corps of Engineers, no one ever got the kind of service that we were getting from these New York State employees.

We stopped again at Freeport. The waterfront was fixed up very nicely, but just a bit too touristy for me. I was in the middle of a

varnish job when we landed, so I stayed with the boat to finish this work. The rest of the crew disappeared into town. While I finished my job, I began to get bombarded with questions from the passing tourists. Most of these conversations got around to how we got the boat out of Big Sky, Montana.



The Hindzite on the wall at Freeport.

The crew returned with an ice cream cone for me, half-melted and the wrong flavor, but I enjoyed it anyway as they got the boat underway.

Eastbound again, we made it to the town of Lyons, locked through Lock 28A, and stopped for the night at the city dock. I hate to say it, but their dock was probably the nicest part of the town. The town had turned its back to the canal, so we saw the backsides of the downtown buildings, (this is a common problem on my Mississippi).

From the landing, I could see the Golden Arches, so I knew I wouldn't starve. I offered to do the laundry, so I gathered up everyone's and started uptown. At the bottom of the stairs that lead to town there was a carved redwood sign with a map of the town. A quick look at this map, and I crossed the bridge over the canal to find the laundry. The laundry had closed at 1900, ten minutes before I got there. After making some inquiries, I headed back thru the town headed for another laundry. This one had closed a year earlier.

A quick stop at the fire hall, and I got permission for us to use their shower after supper. The fire hall was just uphill from our landing, so I dropped the laundry and headed back over the canal for supper; still no sign of the rest of the crew.

Next to the Golden Arches was a place called "The China Wall". I like Chinese almost better than Big Macs, so in I went. The place looked clean and the waitress spoke English, sort of, so I placed my order. Much to my surprise, the meal came in a box, and I ate it with plastic ware. Probably should have taken my box back to the boat and used stain-less ware.

The gang showed up, they had enjoyed happy hour at the VFW. This was right next to the fire hall. You don't have to go far in Lyons to find the action. I showered, then hiked up the canal about a block and visited with the lockman. They were now into their longer summer hours. We had a nice visit comparing notes on equipment and procedures.

New York state doesn't throw a lot of money at this waterway, that became obvious as I looked about. The machinery, as simple as it is, has been working just fine since the early '20s. The newest piece of lock equipment that I saw was a motor-generator set that converted 220v power into the low voltage DC power that ran the lock motors.

Friday morning, we got underway at 0515. With the new summer hours, we could run the canal until 10pm if we chose. East of

Lyons, the canal follows the Seneca River. This river flows out of Seneca Lake with tributaries from some of the other Finger Lakes. The Cayuga-Seneca Canal branches off the main canal and connects the largest of the Finger Lakes into the system. You can get to Ithaca, Geneva, or Watkins Glen via this branch.

The old Erie Canal was a ditch that was dug nearly east and west through the city of Syracuse and several smaller towns. This ditch has been abandoned but not forgotten. Looking at the map of the waterway, I find several canal museums spread through this section of New York.

The new barge canal follows the Seneca River to a place called Three Rivers Point where the Oneida River flows toward Lake Ontario. There is another fork of the canal that follows the Oneida down to Lake Ontario. Our route headed upstream on the Oneida.

We traveled on this new river for a few miles and came to a lock, our first upbound lock. This lock held back the waters of Oneida Lake. This lake is about 25 miles long and 10 wide. We spent several hours traveling its length. The lake was very busy on this Friday afternoon, lots of other boating activity.

The surface of Oneida Lake is 370' above the sea. As we continued east, we locked upbound two more times at Locks 22 and 21. We were now in a ditch that took us to Rome and beyond. We arrived at Rome as it was getting dark and stopped for the night. Rome has a very well thought out concrete wall with varying heights for different size boats. We didn't find water or electric at this dock, but we did find a sympathetic fisherman who gave us a ride into town.

We got dropped off at the "Savoy". This had to be the best restaurant in Rome. The food was great, as was the service. They had live music provided by a piano bar, a really nice place. As we ate, the head waitress came up, asked if we had come off a boat, and said that it was the restaurant's policy to give boaters a ride back to their boats after dinner. This was all a part of the service.

We saw the Mohawk River for the first time at Rome. I believe that its water is used to keep the ditch full between Lake Oneida and the city of Utica. Saturday morning we were underway at 0600 and headed east down the ditch. An hour later, we arrived at Lock 20, renewed our passes, and locked downhill into the Mohawk River. The canal joins the river here near Utica. We are now on a river trip with a series of locks and dams that maintain a channel deep enough for us to travel.



Looking back at Lock 14, the highest lift on the canal.

Later in the morning we arrived at Little Falls. This is a pretty little city set into a hill-



side. At Little Falls we come to the largest drop anywhere in the system. Lock 17 has a 40' drop. As we entered the lock, I wondered where the lower gates were. All I could see was a wall and a lot of machinery. As we lowered in the lock, it began to make some sense. This lock has a gate that lifts overhead to let boats under. The gate has a large counter weight that lifts it with the biggest bike chains that I've ever seen. When the lock is empty, this steel wall lifts and we are out of there.

In the mid-afternoon we stopped at the city marina in St. Johnsville. Not much in town, but Ed and Dale made the short hike and came back with a few groceries and some Labatt Blue. The town has a campground that is located next to the Marina. This campground had a shower room that we all used. Felt good! Summing up St. Johnsville, we found reasonably priced diesel fuel, free water and showers, and a reasonably priced pump-out. East-bound again through four more locks, we arrived at the city of Amsterdam. This seemed like a good spot to spend the night, so we tied up just above Lock 11.

We hiked a short distance to the nearest crossroad and found an Italian place called Rosco's. The food and wine were good, as was the service. Good restaurant, fair prices. Met a young couple there also enjoying the wine. These folks had a large cruiser that they had bought in Florida. They were taking it to Lake Michigan to their home across the lake from Chicago.

While our crews socialized, I headed over to the lock for a tour. I socialized with the locktender until it was nearly his 10:30pm quitting time. He gave me a real tour of his world. We went into the buildings, and he explained all the equipment there and out on the wall. Real busman's holiday. The equipment is much simpler than the stuff that I ran, but it worked just fine, and it had been working just fine since 1920.

Sunday morning, we were underway at 0700, still eastbound, and still downhill. Our trip had become a river trip with locks and dams to maintain enough water depth for our boat. This part of the system is a small-scale version of my Mississippi River.

Beginning at Rome going east and on into the Hudson River, abandoned factories became more and more obvious. I guess this is a sign of the times as businesses take their money and run south or overseas looking for cheaper help. Maybe if the owners had to live next to their factories in Indonesia or Taiwan, or wherever they put them, the factories in upstate New York might still be working.

Ed left us that afternoon at Lock 8 near Schenectady. He had to catch a plane back to Minneapolis, and the Albany airport is only a couple miles from Lock 8. Ed missed the most impressive part of the canal.

The river had gained several tributaries as we traveled down it, and just below Schenectady, the river widened into a lake. We shared this lake with many Sunday boaters until we reached Waterford where there is a dam that maintains the lake. The Mohawk River disappears over this dam and we saw no more of it.

The canal goes under a set of double guard gates and back into a ditch. This time we had a very short ditch and a lock. I wasn't ready for what was coming next. Locks 6, 5, 4, 3, and 2 are all 35' locks and only about a quarter mile apart. You enter one lock and look

back to see the gates closing on the lock you just left. Look the other way, over the top of the lower miter gates, and you see the next lock below you. 180' of drop packed into about two miles of canal.



In Lock 5, looking back at Lock 6.

Between Locks 2 and 3 there is a section of the old Erie Canal preserved. There are several of the old locks still there. The wooden gates are history, but the stonewalls are still in reasonable condition. Hey folks, these walls were built nearly two hundred years ago and they are still there. My home, Minneapolis, was still an Indian camp when these walls were built.

Looking at these walls got me thinking that there had to be 15 to 20 locks just to get up to the Mohawk River where we had just left it. That's a lot of stones, and every one carved by hand by a stonemason, probably an Irish immigrant. They didn't have backhoes in 1810; they had wheelbarrows and lots of immigrants.



Looking back at Lock 2, section of old canal to the right.

We cleared Lock 2 and motored out of the canal into the Hudson River. We took a right. Had we gone left, we would have found a series of locks on the Hudson that would have taken us into Lake Champlain, then down to Montreal. Instead, we went downriver toward New York City. One more lock, this one run by the Corps of Engineers. Even before you see the Corp's Castle, you begin to see "No Trespass, Government Property" signs everywhere. The Corps really knows how to make you feel welcome; the Corps cares.

Clearing Lock 1 put us into tidewater. Murphy's law said that we would hit a foul tide and we did. We pushed on downstream trying to make it to Catskill where we planned to get our mast stepped again. We never made it that night. We were traveling 7mph through the water and making good about two. It was getting dark fast, so we tied up at the town of Hudson,

Hudson had a very nice floating dock and a very good security fence that separated us from dinner. A 6' fence is no great obstacle to a hungry man, so we worked our way around the river end of it, and headed uptown. It was getting late and all we found closeby was a bar that served some finger foods. No more Labatt's, we were in Sam Adams country. One Sam Adams, a plate full of appetizers, and some loud, loud music, and I had had enough of the place. I headed back to the boat. I doubled up all the lines, not quite knowing what we should expect from the tides during the night. I went below and tried to sleep about 50' from a railroad track.

We were up at 0500 and underway with a fair tide. The river was helping that morning, and, in no time, we were abreast of Catskill Creek. We motored in with a falling tide. We bumped crossing the bar, then found deeper water inside their harbor. I was glad that we hadn't tried to make this port in the dark.

We found Hop-a-Nose Marina and tied up. It was still early, so we all hiked into town about a quarter mile and found a decent restaurant. Breakfast was sure better than last night's supper. The marina was open for business when we returned. We now had to wait while the tide rose enough so the boat could get under the boom. Hop-a-Nose is a no frills yard, but it seemed to be a well-run business.

When the tide lifted us high enough, we slid the boat under their boom, a small group of men appeared from somewhere, and the mast went up. We moved the boat back to the visitors' dock and proceeded to set up all the rigging. It was getting pretty late in the day when this job got done, so we stayed the night.

Hop-a-Nose had a laundry and a shower room; we used them both. They also had a restaurant that served lunch and supper, so we ate a good meal, had more Sam Adams, and turned in early. In the morning, we caught a rising tide, slipped out of this snug harbor, and headed downriver; next stop, New York City. Our trip continued on for a couple more weeks as we moved the boat up the coast to Cape Cod.

Let's summarize the trip. Did I have fun? Yes, but it did get rather long. I was gone for nearly a month. We kept changing crews, and that made things interesting, but it also meant more layover times.

We spent too much time in New York City, and I wasn't impressed with Old Saybrook, Connecticut either. Cruising up Long Island Sound didn't thrill me, as we were too far offshore to see much.

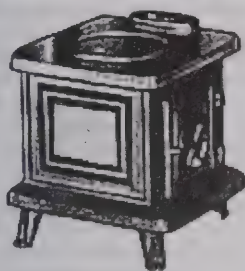
I enjoyed Mystic Seaport, but found that I was envious of the folks who were playing with the boats from the Boathouse. I saw many people kayaking in Mystic harbor (it was Memorial Day Weekend), and I was getting homesick for my own boats. By the time we laid over a few days at Newport, I was getting very tired of gourmet food and was having a Big Mac Attack. When I got home, I rested for a few hours, got one of my solo canoes off the rack, and headed for the nearest pond.

Would I do the trip again? Yes, I'd love to, but in my own boat. I'd like to do the canal trip in a small cabin-motorboat with a shallow draft. I would like to spend more time exploring the side channels that we passed. A delivery trip is not a sightseeing tour; I knew that when I started.

Next time, my boat! Be it a cockleshell, if I am the skipper, it is a great ship.



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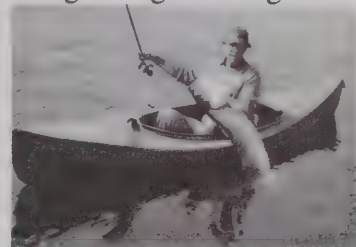
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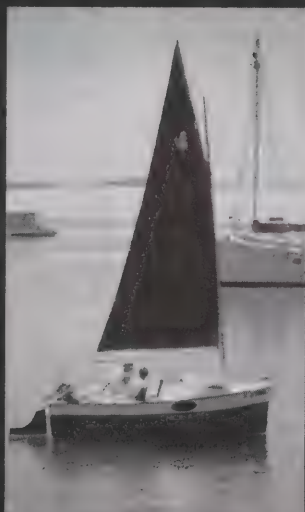


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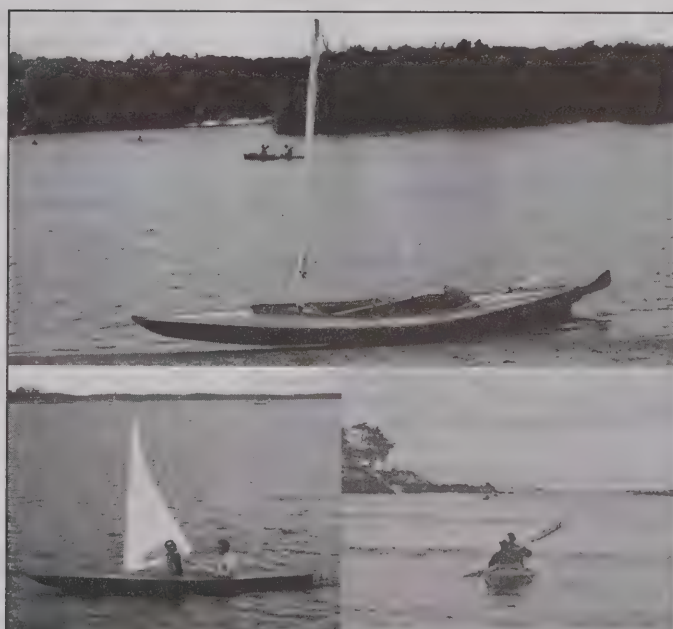
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(Leo Telesmanick, so long associated with the Beetle Cat Boat, died on January 10 at age 85. We published this story about Beetle Cat Boats and Leo in 1993).

Sometime in the early 1930s, a boatbuilder's apprentice named Leo Telesmanick asked the master builder, "How long are we going to keep building this same boat, over and over again?"

Charles D. Beetle replied, "Skippy, as long as people keep getting married and having children, we'll be building Beetle Cats."

Charley Beetle died in 1936, but his prediction still can't be proved wrong. Since going into production in 1920, over 4,100 Beetle Cat Boats have been launched. The shop in South Dartmouth, now owned by Concordia Company and under the management of Stephen Smith (since sold to and now owned and operated by former Beetle employee, Charlie York), continues to boost that number by 25 or so every year. The gaff-rigged Beetle Cat, 12'4" LOA and half as wide, is the oldest plank-on-frame one-design in production in the U.S., and the only one being raced regularly in significant numbers. It has its roots in the history of the New Bedford whaling fishery.

Innovation Born of Desperation: In the late 19th century, the New Bedford whaling fleet was on the brink of dissolution after years of decline. The builders who supplied whaleboats to the fleet were competing fiercely with one another for shares of a shrinking market, and they couldn't afford to lose an instant trying to make a sale. So they sent their men out in boats to solicit the captains' business the moment the ships entered harbor.

Among the most successful boatshops was the one owned by Charles D. Beetle described by Llewellyn Howland as "an untidy giant with a heart as big and generous as his huge hands." Beetle built the Beetle Whaleboat first crafted by his father James (b.1811 or 1812; d.1886), who was in many ways responsible for the ultimate form of the American whaleboat, having introduced the batten-seam, carvel construction, mast tabernacles and centerboards, and innovations of hullform to the type.

Charley Beetle's success was partially due to his unusual guarantee. He offered to deliver new boats in 48 hours, or the whaler got it for free. It is reported that he never once had to give away a whaleboat (while 48 hours is certainly pretty good, his father once delivered one in 27).

Beetle built stock boats, ranging from 26' to 32' LOA, on a single set of molds. There was no lofting, no laying down (of course, all boats had the same beam, regardless of length). And Beetle became, in the words of Jon Wilson, "a master of patterns, jigs, and motion." He all but eliminated measuring, spiling and fitting from the building process. Workers used patterns and templates for virtually all components. Never mind "measure twice, cut once." Charley Beetle made it "Don't measure at all." Although banks dories were being built with the same methods on Cape Ann, Beetle was probably the first to apply them to standard plank-on-frame construction.

Beetle had a skilled, stable work force in an era of cheap labor, and he could afford to put many men on a single boat. By building the same boat over and over, the men refined their patterns of action and eliminated wasted motion.

## Leo Telesmanick & The Beetle Cat Boat

Reprinted from *MAIB*, April, 1993



By the early years of the 20th century, whaling had declined from a commodity industry to almost the level of a curiosity, and the demand for whaleboats had plunged. Beetle's design was still a worthy one, however, and boats were still being commissioned for lifeboats and tenders. Commodore Robert E. Peary used Beetle whaleboats on his 1909 expedition to the North Pole.

Charles Beetle regularly laid off his work force as winter approached. With the coming of spring, Beetle's wife would call at the homes of the builders and tell them to come back to work. Jobs in New Bedford's textile mills, rough as they were, offered a year-round paycheck, and Beetle's skilled workers began to desert him.

Around 1912, Beetle was maimed when a whaleboat fell on him. No longer able to work effectively on his own, he closed up his shop and moved in with his brother John, who also had a boatshop in the city (a third brother, James Clarence, had moved to California where he too built whaleboats). In addition to a diminishing number of whaleboats, John and Charles built custom boats to order, including catboats of their own designs.

Charles and John saw an emerging market in pleasure boating, which was growing in popularity with the nation's unprecedented prosperity following the First World War. And so the shop that was famous for whaleboats turned toward playboats out of economic necessity.

The Beetles and the Catboat Type: The Beetles' role in developing the catboat type is a little unclear. John Beetle Baumann, grandson of Charley Beetle, recalls that, as a child, he was shown a half-model of an old Beetle catboat and was told by his elders that it was that particular hull had been copied by the Crosby family as the basis of their more famous cats. Baumann says several members of the Beetle family had designed and built catboats prior to 1920, some of them very close to the ultimate shape of the Beetle Cat. He recalls one extremely fast design with dual bilgeboards.

There is evidence that the Crosbys were building catboats in Osterville, on Cape Cod as early as 1835. James Beetle first began working on boats in about 1827, and established his own shop sometime between

1832 and 1836, although the date of his first catboat is unknown. Chapelle says that the catboat originated prior to 1855, while Maynard Bray says 1850 or earlier, "probably more or less spontaneously and at the same time" in Cape May, New Jersey and Cape Ann, Massachusetts.

In any case, by 1920, the cat was indigenous to the region as a workboat, and the Beetles felt that it would make an ideal pleasure boat. It's the most boat you can have in a limited overall length. The extreme breadth provides stability, and its flat bottom makes it suitable for gunkholing and picnicking. The shallow, barn-door rudder lifts out of the water when the boat heels too far, causing the bow to swing into the wind and making capsize rare.

Most important, the gaff-headed cat rig, tended by a single sheet, is easy to learn and simple to handle. And though catboats generally exhibit a heavy weather helm, they retain their balance better than any other type. No matter how much you shorten sail, the center of effort stays in the same place fore-and-aft. It just moves lower, increasing the boat's stability as additional reefs are tied in. Combined the catboat's hull and rig seemed ideal for young sailors.

John and Carl Beetle's Design: For the Beetles' new stock playboat, John and his eldest child, Carl, took the traditional working catboat and shortened it from a typical length of 30' to 40' overall down to 12'4". They kept the 2:1 length-to-beam ratio, setting the beam at 6'0". With the centerboard up, the boat draws less than 6".

The cat was given very full bows for buoyancy. There aren't many 12' boats that allow half of a two-man crew to stand right up in the forepeak when approaching a dock, or to climb the mast.

John and Carl suspected, rightly, that these boats wouldn't be used only in protected waters in fair weather, so they included a six-foot long foredeck to protect the cockpit from breaking waves. This also forces the crew aft, which counterbalances the weight of the rig.

There are no seats. With the crew seated on the cockpit sole, the center of gravity is kept low, and the heads of forgetful youngsters are kept out of the boom's way. The cockpit coamings are at the right height for a comfortable backrest. Peak and throat halyards are led aft so they can be handled from the cockpit, again, keeping the weight low and aft and protecting the crew.

The Early Years of the Beetle Cat Boat: Carl set to work building the little cats rightside-up, using the methods established by his grandfather James and uncle Charles. He also built schooners, motor yachts and lobsterboats, but within short order fell afoul of his elders. It's unclear just what Carl was doing wrong; newspaper articles of the day skip over the incident with little comment, except to say the business became "precarious". John Beetle Baumann and others connected with the operation are still reluctant to fully explain. Perhaps Carl's ideas on prudent business practice didn't agree with his elders' thoughts on quality, or possibly it was simply the need of a young man to do things his own way, regardless of the advice of his elders. Waldo Howland asserts that Carl simply "lost interest".

In any case, John and Charles took over the job of building the catboats. Because of



his old injury, Charles' involvement was mainly advisory, while John did most of the hand work.

Known informally as "pumpkin seeds" for their broad, flat shape, the boats sold for \$225. In the prosperous '20s they caught on quickly. By 1924, a children's camp in Duxbury had 38 of them and small fleets existed in several towns around Buzzard's Bay and on the Cape.

The Beetle shop continued to build other small boats as well. In 1924, a local newspaper reported that Charles would build "his last whaleboat". The five other builders in New Bedford had all long since died or given up on whaleboats (he built another in 1933, intended for a museum display). The same article shows a photo of a wood-framed kayak under construction.

John Beetle died in 1928, and the shop passed into the hands of his three younger children, Carl apparently remained disinterested or disinherited. Only Ruth, however, was available and interested in taking over the shop, which she did for herself and as agent for her siblings Ralph and Clara. She thus became the only female boatbuilder of her era, while retaining her job as a New Bedford schoolteacher.

A 1930 article in the *Boston Traveler* says that Ruth Beetle had worked side-by-side with her father before his death and that, as the shop's new owner, she caulked and painted hulls and canvassed decks. This was probably journalistic embellishment. Waldo Howland writes that Ruth's "hands-on" involvement in the shop was as treasurer and bookkeeper. Regardless, as the shops owner, Ruth can accurately be called a boatbuilder. But most of the building, it is certain, was done by John Baumann, husband of Charles Beetle's daughter.

In 1930, the shop took on an apprentice, 15 year old Leo J. Telesmanick. It was the beginning of a 53 year long career for the youth then known as Skippy, who would later be accorded the less mellifluous name, "Mr. Beetle Cat".

"Mister Beetle Cat": Telesmanick, the son of an Austrian immigrant who worked in the local textile mills, earned \$6 for a 48-hour work week, hauling water, keeping the boiler stoked, setting green lumber out in the sun in the morning and stacking it in the shed in the evening. He also worked on the receiving end of the stationary power tools. According to Telesmanick, Baumann would occasionally feed stock in wrong, skewed, or with the machine at the wrong settings, to make sure the apprentice was paying attention.

"Working under him was like working for your father," says Telesmanick, sitting in his living room, surrounded by mementos of his years in boatbuilding. Now 76, he lives with his wife, Alma, in a small house in South Dartmouth, a hundred yards or so from the present site of the Beetle Cat shop. "Charley Beetle used to come down once in a while and help out," he continues. "They treated you well, and they were very good teachers."

Like all good teachers, they were interested in Leo's future. They insisted that he continue attending school half-days until the age of 16. And then, they announced, he would attend night school.

Leo attended the New Bedford Textile School (now Southeastern Massachusetts University) where he studied machine shop prac-

tice. An early project was to fabricate, from rough castings and raw materials, a hand drill with a hollow handle for bit storage.

"We called them hurdy-gurdies," says Telesmanick. "They were very handy, with no cord to get in the way." Working with home-made bits that were just lengths of piano wire flattened and pointed at one end, a worker could drill through the cedar planking with "about three cranks of the drill." Telesmanick recalls that the first electric hand tool in the shop, a belt sander, didn't make work go any faster, but it did make it easier.

Telesmanick worked inside the hull during framing. He lined out frame placements on the planking with a batten and drilled holes from the inside. While Baumann hammered in the clinch-nails, Skippy held the steamed frame in place and followed Baumann with the bucking iron. "You'd have to listen to the rhythm and try to guess where he was going next," he says. "He'd only tell you once." The clinchnails, he notes, were pointed with a double bevel, unlike the chisel-pointed ones common today.

The shop had no C-clamps. Most clamping was done with a length of hardwood, in which holes were bored at regular intervals. Pins were slipped into holes an inch or two beyond the parts to be clamped and wedges were driven between the pins and the workpieces.

Leo was the shop's only apprentice, and Baumann and Charles Beetle made up the remainder of the work force, supplemented seasonally by part-time workers. A total of about 130 man-hours went into a finished Beetle Cat. At the time, the shop was on the second floor of a building. Completed boats were dropped through a door by a block and tackle.

The shop bought castings for pulley shells, and Leo made up the sheaves from brass barstock during his machine-shop classes, turning out eight or ten a night on the lathe. Leo also mixed the shop's paints and putties, the latter of which was simply whiting and linseed oil. For seam compound, white lead was added. No precautions were taken when mixing this then unknown hazard bare-handed. Then as now, the Beetle Cat was painted buff on the deck and battleship grey on the interior. Antifouling paint was creosote mixed with copper sulfate. By adding sand to the mix, barnacles were kept at bay. The paint would flake off wherever the crustaceans tried to attach themselves.

After three years on the job, Leo became a journeyman and was finally allowed to really use tools on his own. His salary went up to \$9 per week. When he had finished four years of machine-shop night classes, he was told to sign up for three more years of mechanical drawing. "If you know how to make a blueprint," said Baumann, "you'll know how to read one."

Although primarily under Baumann's supervision, Leo continued to pick up tricks of the trade from Charley Beetle. One bit of advice he recalls:

"Leo," said Charley, "when the sun is sinking in the west, that's the best time to put in the ceiling. Then, all the joints are tight."

Another time, someone, Charley perhaps, secretly scribed broad pencil lines all along a series of joints Leo had just made. The once-tight joints appeared to have opened up disastrously, and Leo's confidence was momentarily shattered.

1936 marked a turning point for the or-

ganization. Baumann took ill and was confined to bed. Leo, then 21, was courting Alma, his bride-to-be. Evenings, they would go together to Baumann's home. There, with Leo listening at the bedside, Baumann revealed the final intimate details about how to build the Beetle Cat, how to purchase lumber, and how to run the shop, all information that the master builder had previously withheld from the apprentice.

John Baumann died in 1936. Charles Beetle, last of the New Bedford whaleboat builders, also died that year. Ruth Beetle received an offer from a local builder to purchase the business, but she turned it down, saying, "Leo's had good training. If he doesn't know how to build a Beetle Cat now, he never will." She offered him the management of the shop and a substantial raise.

Telesmanick says he had little confidence at the time, but with Alma's encouragement, he accepted the offer. With two older workers under him and some young helpers, he boosted the shop's output from 25 to 48 boats per year. Before 1936 was through, Leo married Alma.

The Beetle Cat became a local institution. Fleets existed at yacht clubs on Narragansett and Buzzard's bays, on Cape Cod, and on Martha's Vineyard. In 1937, the first New England Championship for Beetles was held off of Bristol, Rhode Island. In 1940, fleets from ten clubs were formally brought together in the New England Beetle Cat Boat Association which remains the main sanctioning body for races.

During their first 20 years, most Beetle Cats had been skippered by youngsters. This changed after the attack on Pearl Harbor. Washington restricted the use of most large yachts to conserve fuel and simplify coastal surveillance. Adults began commandeering their kids' Beetle Cats and, in doing so, many discovered what fine little boats they were. After the war, formal racing classes were established for adults.

During the hostilities, production came to a standstill. Virtually every commercial boatbuilder in the country was "drafted" for war work, and Telesmanick was no exception.

The Beetle shop locked up its inventory of custom-cast hardware in a safe, and Leo went to work for Carl Beetle, who was still in the area, building boats for the Navy. The arrangement didn't last long, and soon thereafter, Leo was hired by Palmer Scott who, with 200 employees, was one of New Bedford's largest boatbuilders. Leo built small tugboats and launches for the Army and Navy, and he also worked on the 26' whaleboats that Scott cranked out at a rate of one a day. In a sense, he was continuing in the Beetle tradition.

Concordia Steps In: Immediately after the war, Carl Beetle established a company to build civilian boats in fiberglass, and he produced a design that was very much like the Beetle Cat. Waldo Howland meanwhile, was looking for a small boat design for his yard, the Concordia Company, to build in wood, to complement its famous yawls.

The Howlands, as one of the most important maritime families in New Bedford, seem to have maintained regular business contact with the Beetles. The owners of the most successful whalers in New Bedford's fleet in the late 19th century, it is probable that Howlands outfitted their ships with Beetle whaleboats. Waldo's father, Llewellyn, worked as a child in Charley Beetle's



boatshop, bunting planks for a penny apiece. Much later, he hired Beetle to build a modified Block Island boat, which he called Fox.

Waldo, in *A Life In Boats* (Mystic Seaport Press, two volumes: 1984, 1988) writes that Carl was convinced wooden boatbuilding was dead and was eager to sell the Beetle Cat business to Concordia. The deal he made couldn't have been more favorable to the boat's survival. Carl sold the shop's inventory for an apparently fair price, but he charged Waldo nothing for the boat's design, nor for the enormous stock of good will.

The only restriction was that Concordia could not call them "Beetle Cats". Waldo agreed to market them as "Wooden Beetles". This left Carl free to use the original name for his fiberglass versions, but he failed to do so. Carl apparently lost interest again and soon halted production. He turned his attention to larger boats, as well as large industrial forms, and here he passes out of our story. Eventually, the name restriction would ease, and Concordia's Wooden Beetles again came to be called Beetle Cat Boats.

According to Leo, Ruth Beetle had planned to leave the business to him but, being in need of capital, was forced to change her plans after the war. It appears, however, that it wasn't her business to dispose of.

So Waldo had a boat to build, but he was missing one essential element: Leo Telesmanick was still working at Palmer Scott's, where he had risen to plant superintendent. Waldo contracted with Scott to build the Beetles, stipulating that Leo must be in charge of the operation. Leo took the hardware out of the safe and set to work again, using the original molds and patterns.

Howland writes that, in the first year after the war, he expected eight to ten orders for new Beetle Cats. Instead, the company received "six times as many" orders. The size of the backlog demanded that production become more efficient. Waldo and Leo decided to build the boats upside down.

Leo took an average of measurements from a number of existing boats and then built one more Beetle Cat on the old molds with painstaking precision. Fairhaven naval architect Ben Dobson was called in to take the lines off of this benchmark boat, and Leo relied these lines to build a new mold. That's mold, singular. Stringers hold the upside-down station molds in permanent alignment, and provide a form against which the steamed frames are bent prior to hanging the planks, which is another reversal from the old method. The mold that Leo built in 1947 is still in use today.

The complete backbone assembly, including stem, keel, skeg, sternpost, transom, and centerboard trunk, is placed upside down on the mold. The transom is clamped against heavy pads at the stem, and the top of the stem is fastened to the floor with a turnbuckle. The centerboard trunk fits into a slot on top of the mold. The oak frames, which are all steamed at once, are slipped through slots on the mold and bent in place. Time-Saver Number One: In the old method, all 26 of the ribs were half frames. Now, 16 of them are continuous, from sheer to sheer (three frames in the bow and seven at the centerboard trunk remain half frames.)

With the boat upside down on the mold, it is no longer possible to put a boy inside to handle the bucking iron, so clinch-nails were

replaced by galvanized wood screws, and this represented Time Saver Number Two: Only one man is needed to drive a screw, so two men can drive fasteners twice as quickly as before. It now takes under 15 minutes to hang a plank (in 1973, galvanized screws were replaced with silicon bronze).

Prior to the war, stems were steam-bent. For a short time after the war, Leo sawed them from hackmatack crooks. Soon, he switched to laminated construction, gluing up triple-width stems and slicing them into thirds on a bandsaw.

Perhaps most important, true production line methods were introduced. Parts for the boats were now cut out in lots of five or six at a time, reducing tool set-up and break-down time. As soon as the first hull is lifted off the mold, framing begins on the next. At the second station, the hull is sanded and caulked, then it's flipped rightside up and moved to a third station, where the waterline is struck and the interior pieces installed. Meanwhile, hull number two of the series is being sanded, and hull number three is being framed and planked. Deck and deck fittings are installed at a fourth station, and the boat is painted at a final one. Five boats are completed in about two weeks' time.

These changes didn't exactly create a more efficient operation, it still took the same number of man-hours to build a boat, but they allowed Leo to put more men on the job and turn boats out of the shop more quickly. Manpower was not a problem at Palmer Scott. In 1955, the year after a great New England hurricane, the shop built nearly 100 boats to replace many that had been wrecked. That was in addition to repairing dozens that still had some life in them.

In 1952, Palmer Scott merged with O'Day in nearby Fall River, and Leo began commuting between the two cities, where he was in charge of all small boat production. O'Day was mainly building in fiberglass, and Leo acquired expertise in that material as well.

He kept at it until 1960, when Palmer Scott retired and Waldo decided to bring Beetle Cat production in-house. He hired Leo who, with his son Jon, set up a new shop at its present location on Smith Neck in South Dartmouth across Padanaram Harbor from Concordia's main yard. Leo brought with him some of his old workers from Palmer Scott, along with the 13 year old mold. The shop was soon up and running, and production continued as before. Leo's family moved into a house at the top of the driveway, a scant hundred yards from the shop.

The following two decades were a time of bizarrely little change for the Beetle Cat. Even as fiberglass all but took over the market, Leo kept turning out 40 to 50 Beetles per year. Two or three companies briefly built near-copies in fiberglass, but these were banned from class competition and they soon ceased production. Waldo sold the Concordia Company in 1969 to William Pinney, who then sold it in 1981 to Robert A. "Brodie" MacGregor, a Scottish expatriate who managed Concordia's Manchester Sailmaking loft.

In 1983, after 53 years on the job, having out-lived his former bosses and mentors and probably dozens of his own subordinates, Leo Telesmanick retired.

Not long before that date, an anonymous customer had ordered a Beetle Cat finished "bright". It's surprising that Leo consented to

build it, for he had always striven to maintain production-line efficiencies by refusing custom orders. But build it Leo did, and the boat turned out beautifully, its cedar strakes varnished a beautiful yellow golden hue.

Brodie MacGregor, it turned out, was the buyer. He presented the varnished Beetle to Leo as a retirement gift. Painted on the boat's transom now is its formal name, *Aljean*, a contraction of Leo's wife's and daughter's names. But more often, he refers to the boat as "my gold watch".

The post-Telesmanick Beetle: MacGregor is a difficult study. He insists that Concordia is a business, pure and simple, and never mind about tradition, art, or a love of classic woodenboats. "I hung around boatyards as a kid but it's not a particularly sentimental connection," he says. "Concordia was a company with an excellent name and reputation and excellent skills," and he was willing, he says, to pay for the good will that those things implied.

MacGregor claims the Beetle Cat is "marginally profitable", although it's difficult to see how. The shop builds some 20 to 25 boats per year. The boats sell for between \$6,500 and \$8,000 (in 1993 remember!). They contain about \$3,000 worth of materials and 135 man-hours of labor. That doesn't leave much room for overhead. One suspects MacGregor of harboring a romantic appreciation for the boat that he won't, as a businessman, admit to.

In 1983, MacGregor hired Charles York, a builder from outside the Concordia operation, to take over the Beetle shop. Within weeks, Leo was asked to come back as a consultant, to train in the new manager. Leo wanted to take a more hands-on approach, so he signed on as a part-time, hourly employee, building all of the stems, working on subassemblies and generally teaching York the Beetle Method.

By 1986 York was out and 30 year old Stephen Smith had been hired to run the shop, initially under Leo's tutelage, but eventually on his own. In 1990, after five years on the job, he was comfortable enough with the method to dare to make the first modification to the Beetle in decades, by switching from resorcinal glue to epoxy for the laminated stem.

Leo now takes his retirement more seriously. He spends far less time in the shop, going in mainly to pass the time. In fair weather he's more likely to be out on the Atlantic, fishing for blues, tautog or scup, from his 22' Mako, wearing his Hemingway style sportsfisherman's cap.

"I can't complain," he says. "I worked for good people since I was 15. Not many people would, or could, do it day in and day out for so long, the pay in boatbuilding is not that good. But the love of it was in the people that I sold boats to and met at different races. The families all knew me years ago, and now their grandchildren all know me. What more can you ask of life?"

(Beetle Cat Boats continue to be built today at the same location, 313 Smith Neck Rd., S. Dartmouth, MA 02748, by builder/owner Charlie York. A complete boat fully equipped today is \$17,000. The boat rigged and ready to sail, but without sails or equipment, costs \$14,850.)



The Manuel Swartz Roberts-built (1925) catboat *Audacious*, ex-*Annie*, which I bought in 1967 was only 20' but after one season proved to be a very able and delightful sailor. She was such a sweet boat that I spent \$1,200 on her, having new garboards and a few other planks put into her bottom, and as old as she was, 43 years at that time, not a bit of rot was to be found anywhere.

I experimented with her ballast, which was cobblestones, which I wanted to do away with to gain the room it took up, but I found she needed that weight in her to sail well on all points. So I put half the weight in lead outside ballast, and the other half in moveable inside lead ballast.

She did not have any centerboard and never did have one. She also had 96 1/4" holes in her bottom that had been plugged. She must of had a beautiful live fishwell at one time.

I inquired of the Catboat Association and *Bulletin* readers if they might have some type of history on my boat through past registrations, and if there might be any procedure for tracing back ownership, for I had fallen in love with this little boat so much that I was going to try to find out as much as possible about her, her builder and previous owners. Oscar Pease responded as follows:

"I think I can shed some light on the subject at hand. I remember very well about the boat. I helped Manuel timber her, also plank her up. Later helped launch her. I even was steering her on the first trip away from the dock, as Will Mayhew wanted to see how she went underweigh.

The boat was 20' long and 10' wide. This was one of the very few boats Manuel built that was half as wide as they were long. Will Mayhew named the boat *Annie* after his wife.

*Annie* had a 6hp single cylinder Lathrop engine all the time Will owned her. She had a small mast and a loose-footed gaff sail that was kept rolled up and put on deck outside the washboard. She was a completely open boat so she would have more room for lobster pots. She was staved up like any other cat in the cockpit only hers continued around like if you took off the cabin top of *Pinkletink* and, staved her up, continuing the cockpit flooring right forward to the bow.

Will had the boat about five or six years then gave up the idea of going lobstering, so decided to sell her after laying to the dolphins for a couple of years. Will sold her to Levi Ripley in Edgartown. Rip, as we always called him, had Eugene Brown (cat *Celia*) put a cabin on. All that they did at first was to remove the rail cap and cut in for the carlins of the cabin top, as she was already cut out enough. Then they cut the cockpit floor back to the main beam, then staved up the cabin bulkhead, cut out the companionway, etc. After Levi died, his son Jimmy used the boat scalloping only, although his father used to go after quohaugs during the spring and summer into the fall up to scalloping time.

Levi put in an 8hp Lathrop after he brought the boat to Edgartown from Menemsha in Chilmark where Will had lived. Jimmie took it out when he started to use the boat, and put in a 30hp Universal with a universal joint to level out the engine. This is when the well bulkheads were taken out.

After Jimmy Ripley died, which was about 1963 or '64, Phil Norton bought the boat from Jimmy's mother, put on the extra keel depth, cut out the deck for a larger mast; then

## The Story of *Audacious*, Ex-*Annie*

By Robert L. Reddington

(Recollections from  
the *Catboat Bulletin* 1968)

replaced the Universal with a second-hand L-H 4 Lathrop with a 3-1 reduction gear. Phil had the boat a couple of years before Abberly bought it. Abberly named her *Audacious*. He sailed her in the 1966 catboat races, then took her to Connecticut later that summer."

On my very first trip in *Audacious*, she performed like a gallant lady. I was coming out of Rowayton, Connecticut alone in February, 1967. The weather reports were good; clear and cold, wind 12 to 15 knots. I came out of Wilson's Cove with a full sail. She handled like a baby carriage on smooth concrete. About two hours out the wind shifted to create a quartering sea, and the Sound kicked up to a sloppy mess. I then ducked into Glen Cove tucking two reefs in, as she was getting a bit hard at the wheel. By the time I had gotten to Execution Rocks I was getting pressed for time, wanting to go with the tide through Hell Gate and the East River, so I turned on the engine which ran like a well-oiled sewing machine.

I took the sail off when I went under the Throgs Neck Bridge and entered the East River with the tide, which I made. With the engine running, I flew downstream like the wings of Mercury were with me. So far so good. But the temperature started to drop rapidly. Going into New York Lower Bay I inquired of a few inbound boats as to the conditions outside. From the looks of all inbound traffic and my observations, I stopped and tucked four reefs into her (all she had). I was off again with a handkerchief for a sail, under perfect balance and control.

Going under the new Verrazano Bridge I started taking spray over the port bow. If I had known then what was to come I would have put in some place and called it a day. Halfway across the bay, that spray turned to solid water and started to freeze and build up. I then decided to take all sail off of her and go it on engine alone. Also I changed my destination from Bay Head to Rumson, so I could get in behind Sandy Hook and quit. I had had enough. Taking the sail down was no easy job because all the halyards were frozen and were too enlarged from ice to run through frozen blocks.

Between beating, pulling and hammering the frozen sail and lines on a slippery pitching deck, it took me one-half hour to secure all the sail in stops. By this time *Audacious* was starting to ice up pretty heavy, with ice about 2"-3" all over. The ice did one good thing, however, it sealed her open deck seams so she took no more water through the decks. Checking the bilge regularly, I soon discovered she was taking more water than the electric pump could handle. Tying the wheel, I got out my old faithful, a 3" galvanized stove-pipe pump and spent about a half hour pumping.

I never knew a boat could have so much water in her and still remain afloat. The water

was half way up the engine block when I started to pump. The flywheel was throwing water all over. What I had feared soon happened. Water shorted out the distributor and the engine went kaput. Now we had a lovely situation, no engine, no sails, taking water, pitching and rolling, making spray and freezing, getting dark, and adrift in the entrance of the world's biggest harbor, all lights out of commission, the cabin hatch frozen shut keeping me out on deck in wet, zero weather.

The next two hours were living hell (but cold, not hot). Was I afraid? No! I did not have time to be afraid, but after it was all over I was a wreck. Between pumping to keep afloat and climbing down under the decks and working on the engine, sometimes lying in freezing water 6" deep, I finally dried the distributor enough to get the engine running again. To get at my tools and flashlight I had to go in the engine hatch and break through the bulkhead into the cabin. I also had a bottle of rye in the cabin and that helped warm me up.

I finally got up to the Sea Bright Bridge about 11pm and could not arouse the bridge tender. This was very frustrating because I was only going about a half mile further to Polly's Pond in Rumson. The boat was holding up but I did not know for how long. I had just about had it myself. Finally after what seemed forever, I got the bridge raised, passed through and tied up at Bob Beaton's dock. Fortunately they were still up and I was able to change my frozen clothes, take a hot bath, finish that bottle of Rye, and go to bed wrapped up in six blankets.

The next morning I awoke to a beautiful clear, cold day. The boat was under a heavy burden of ice, about 6", and when we lifted the hatches we found 15-1/2" of water in her. Between the ice and the water, no wonder her outside decks were awash. I was very lucky that the scuppers were frozen solid. After useful inspection I found the cotton wicking had pulled out of the garboard plank for about 13" so I stuffed some more back into the crack and had no more trouble.

This old boat has stood up to the elements on more than one occasion and come out on top. She is truly a tribute to a real artist and craftsman, Manuel Swartz Roberts. Such a fine boat, I am so proud that she is mine.

### All My Girls A Memoir By Captain Tom Morse Illustrated By Captain Joe Sinagra

... And just when you thought Capt. Morse had hung up the nets, retired the traps and was puttering around on the wharf, he has quietly taken pen in hand and recounted the details of his second life --- a nautical Henry Higgins, if you will, galloping together his harem of broad in the beam, down in the counter, rag tag, used up and abandoned damsels in distress...

"All My Girls" celebrates a way of life Gloucester has good reason to be proud of, and Morse is an earnest and charming spokesperson."

- Rae Francoeur  
Salem Evening News, Sept. 7, 2000

For your copy, send \$9 check to:  
Tom Morse, P.O. Box 569,  
Gloucester, MA 01930





## Dolphin

### Part 2

An 1893 George Huxford Catboat  
28' 6" loa x 26' lwl x 12' beam x 32" draft

By Ron Denman  
Photos by Bobbie Kenyon

The spars were built using Douglas fir. The mast is 9" in diameter and 39' long. I wish that the mast was thicker (10") but I did not have a piece quite that thick. The gaff is 3-1/2" diameter and 20' long. The boom is 4-1/2" diameter and 33' long. I found two pieces for the mast, the first was a piece of Douglas fir that was of the fast growth variety, which I was hesitant to use, and then I found a piece of slow growth pressure treated air dried Douglas fir 14" square and 40' long which I did use and got rid of the first piece. The original mast, which was not original, was 30' long and made of yellow pine.

I laid out the mast for its taper and then marked off for 8 siding, 16 siding, 32 siding, etc., using mostly an electric hand plane and once again a chain saw. I made a sanding tool for use with a 1/2" electric drill that would employ 6" wide sanding belts 4' long, turned inside out to do the final smoothing off. The spars were gotten out quite quickly. No more than four or five days for the mast. There was more time spent contemplating than doing. There was a lot of time spent varnishing the

spars, though, 20 coats!

All of the hardware for the spars I had cast out of bronze. I built all the patterns out of pine and would bring them down to the Mystic Foundry and they would cast them for me. Then I would do the finishing work, drilling holes, machining, sanding, etc. This took far longer than the actual building of the mast itself. Obviously you can no longer just go down to the chandler and buy what you need for a catboat mast of this size. I don't think that you ever could, really. I think the hardware was made up separately for each boat. I cut the tenon in the mast and it was ready.

I had to design my own sail for this boat. This took a bit. Like some other catboats of this period, her centerboard was just a bit more forward than on other cats of this period. I was aware of this when rebuilding the boat and it could have been moved aft or made longer but I liked the cabin arrangement that it gave me and was reluctant to change this design aspect of the hull at the time. Sooo, over the years someone got a new sail made that was made with the center of effort too far aft. This is not

unusual and became more predominant with the advent of the inboard engine in the early 1900s.

This, I believe, would happen because people were shortening the sail of the catboats. They didn't need the last few reefs to shake out to take the dying breeze home in the evening, they would just fire up the ole iron wind. The consequence of this was that the sail became shorter on the mast and usually keeping the same distance on the boom. Even if the boom were shortened, with the 30 degree or more gaff to mast angle, the center of effort would move aft on the sail, creating what they call a negative lead, which is REAL BAD in a catboat.

This would work for most boats. But some boats, like *Dolphin*, would become sluggish, except on a broad reach, and very hard to steer. People would just say that it was a catboat, they are all like that. Well, it just ain't so. When I bought *Dolphin*, one of the negatives that I heard from previous owners was that she just would not come about in certain situations and she had a lee helm! This is not good in a catboat of *Dolphin's* size. They would blame the steering gear! So with all this info in hand I started designing the sail for *Dolphin*. But there was one more problem that had to be solved first.

When *Dolphin* was built she did not have an engine, obviously, there were none. Well, none that would fit in her. So when an engine was finally added early in the 1900s, they just shortened the centerboard trunk to be able to fit in the engine so that it wasn't standing on its end, and cut out the deadwood for the prop. This is all great except that where you once had some wood in the keel there is a large hole. This has to be added to the rudder area. So I did that first (when I built the new rudder) and in the process added a little lead, 6" or so, to the front edge of the rudder, on the front edge of the rudder post, what they would call a counterbalance. This in theory would stick its nose, so to speak, out into the water on the backside of the keel, to give it a bit more bite.

It seems to work actually. Originally there was the usual rudder box that leaked like a pasta strainer and a 4" diameter rudder stock. I replaced the rudder stock with a 2" stainless post in a 2-1/2" stainless rudder tube with two bronze bearings, and with a flange welded onto it to bolt to the outside of the hull. I also completely rebuilt the steering gear at this time, remachined the worm, added new guides and had new babbit poured for the bearings.

I did quite a bit of research on catboats for that period of time. The rigs and sail plans were much bigger than those after the turn of the century with the advent of engines, as I mentioned. Also to note, most catboats of that period, 1885 to 1895, had very high peaks to their gaffs, approximately 25 degrees or less, (angle between gaff and mast). It looks like they sometimes made them as high as they could and still have room for the blocks & bridles needed to raise them.

Most of the working rigs were kept low, but a boat like *Dolphin* would still have 600sf or more of sail. Racing boats her size would have well over 1,000sf. *Dolphin* has 675sf of sail. She has four reefs, I had to pull teeth to have the sail maker put in four reefs, they claimed she only needed two. I originally wanted five. I should have held out for the five. Bobbie and I have been out in winds of 25 to 30 knots and were wishing we had that fifth





reef. She was doing hull speed (over 6 knots) with four reefs tied in going into the wind, with her rail occasionally dipping into the water.

I designed the sail with a luff of 22' (up the mast), the foot is 33' (along the boom) and the head is 20' (the gaff). The sailmaker (Jasper & Bailey of Newport, RI) did a fantastic job on the sail. She has four battens with an adjustable roach if need be. On *Dolphin* this puts the center of effort of the sail about 8" in front of the center of lateral resistance, (not ideal but better than a negative lead) which is a little less than 3% of the water-line length, which on a catboat is basically the trailing edge of the centerboard with the board down. This was the best that I could do with it. As best as I can figure out she had a 10% negative lead when I got her! On smaller catboats, I believe you would want at least a 10% positive lead. Bigger catboats need less, don't ask me why.

How does she sail? Fantastic. She sails much better than I ever expected. She only has about a 26' waterline, so her hull speed (theoretically) is about 6 knots. She will do 6 knots on occasion, (we have to really push her) but her average speed is around 5.5 knots. Her best point of sail is, of course, a broad reach, but she will outpoint most boats her size and bigger. Going into the wind (10-12 knots), and I mean right into the wind, she can easily get up to 4.5 to 5.4 knots, almost the same as on a broad reach. This might be due to both the fact that her centerboard is further forward than usual and her waterline increases in length as she heels over.

You might say that this is negated by the fact that her transom would drag, but her transom actually lifts clear under sail. As you reef *Dolphin* down, she points further and further off the wind (4th reef she is about 45 degrees off of the wind). She handles very easily, and turns in her own length when tacking up a channel. Of course you have to learn to reef her. You have to shorten sail when the wind picks up. I single hand her all the time, maybe I am getting old but I have gotten to the point that I will tie in an extra reef and then shake it out when I get out there, just in case.

It's a lot easier to shake out a reef than to tie one in, as you all know. It takes me about 30 seconds to a minute to fully shake out a reef and another few minutes to pull up the sail and gaff. It takes me 10 to 20 minutes to tie in a reef in bad conditions. In the Connecticut River it gets tough because of lack of room, and all the traffic and it's not much better on Long Island Sound on the weekend. I do most of my sailing during the week, luckily my job allows for this. I intend to put on an autopilot over this winter to make it easier for me to handle her alone. All in all she sails & handles beautifully. There are always things that I am changing on the boat, constantly adjusting and tweaking. So far she has been a great boat.

Ballasting the boat was interesting. I ballasted the boat after it was done. I first poured lead into pieces that were 1-1/4" thick and 14" square. I then machined them so they were all exactly the same thickness, then scribed and fit them under the keel on the outside of the boat sort of like a lead shoe. These pieces were then screwed on with 3-1/2" #16 bronze wood screws. I figure if I hit a rock and damaged one, it would be easy to replace, just remove the mangled square and put on a new one.

These covered the bottom from the bow all the way to the stern and added 650lbs while

only adding 1" to the draft. You wouldn't even know they were there unless you looked very closely and then you would have thought that it was an oak shoe. I then added another 350lbs or so of inside ballast for trimming after the boat was launched with the mast in place etc. There are also lead pieces that I cast to fit, and bolted to the keel and floor timbers to keep them from moving around. It would be bad if those pieces of lead got loose down there in the bilge.

All these, added to the engine of over 300lbs, the four fuel tanks each about 100lbs when full for a total of 400lbs, total 1750lbs. There are also two water tanks of 20 gallons each that I built into the stern, coming to about 110lbs each for another 220lbs adding up to a grand total of about 1,970lbs. It is very noticeable when the water tanks and fuel tanks get low, so I feel she is probably a little light on ballast. The freeboard on *Dolphin* at its lowest point is only about 14", so it's fairly easy to get the deck in the water, but I have never felt that she wouldn't come back up, even the time I had the coaming in the water for couple of seconds one day in a gust!

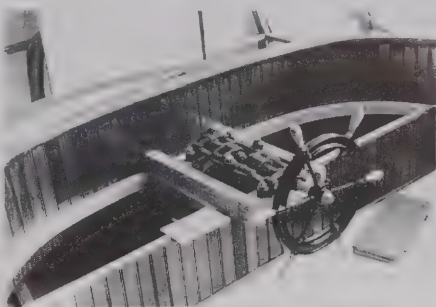
Wooden catboats are as different as people, no two are exactly alike, especially in their handling characteristics. I have sailed on quite a few catboats and they all have been different. When at the helm on one catboat on which I sailed (33') I thought the wheel was going to pull my elbows out of their sockets. Another boat had a tiller over 2" thick that would actually bend! Then I have sailed on catboats that were very easy on the helm, in pretty much the same conditions. I guess what I am trying to say is that what works on one boat probably will not work on another boat. So what works on *Dolphin* may not work on your boat.

*Dolphin* is very easy on her helm, but she has a huge worm gear which adds greatly to the leverage at the helm. Also the lead on her

rudder helps a little, but the sail is the most important item. I feel at the present time she could probably use a smaller sail of about 590sf and still get around very well. The extra sail area has come in very handy in light winds, though, it is sort of like having a large genoa when the wind gets light. It really would be handy if I was in an area without powerboats, but if we are sailing along nicely in light winds, (which used to be my favorite type of sailing) and a huge powerboat wake hits, it kinda takes the wind out of our sails, and puts a lot of stress on the rig. If this happens once its no big deal, but where we are on the Connecticut River it happens about every 15 minutes or so.

That's about all, except that we are still changing little things on her, like the mainsheet for instance. Right now we have two double blocks and a single block. In light winds going downwind the top line of the double block falls down through the lower line of the double block and causes it to tangle as there is no strain on it, so I am going to use all single blocks on the boom. Hopefully that will work.

**Editor Comments:** Benjamin Mendelowitz chose *Dolphin* to lead off his 2001 *Calendar of Wooden Boats*, beautifully displayed silhouetted against a bright cloudy sky with the sun breaking through just abaft her gaff. The commentary that accompanies the photo states, in part, "*Dolphin* has been thoroughly and beautifully rebuilt over the past eight years, a daunting task masterfully executed."



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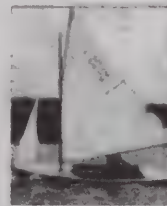
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This boat was designed as an improvement on the well-known Gloucester Light Dory (which many people think is a classic and our best design). The improvements were supposed to be that it was made easier to build by eliminating the strong twist in the sides and sheer of the earlier design, and replacing the dory tombstone with its many tricky bevels by the pointed surf-dory stern. The geometry of the forward rowing position was improved by decreasing the height and increasing the spread of the lock sockets. It was given some positive buoyancy over and above the wood structure, located where it would right her from a capsize.

The plans were drawn to a metric scale which we have done what we could to pro-

## Bolger on Design

### Light Dory Type V

#### Design #265

4.74m (15.5') length overall  
 3.6m (11.8') bottom length  
 1.22m (4.0') breadth overall  
 .57m (1.87') bottom breadth

mote for many years. It's a hard sell in most parts of the US, though we have yet to hear from anybody who did not like it after trying

it for a while. There is no possible doubt that it is handier to use, and no problem getting the equipment to use it, which amounts to buying a Stanley Powerlock #33-158 metric/English tape.

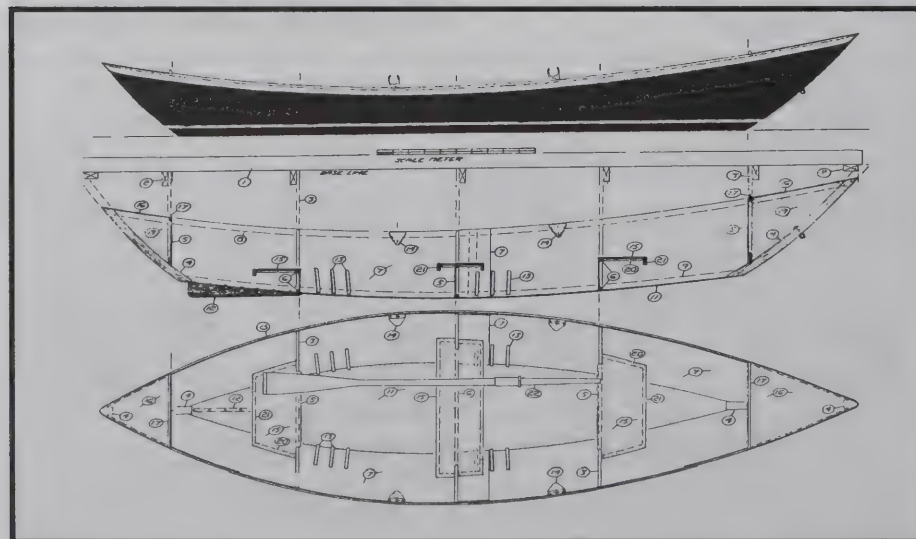
The trouble with getting it universally accepted is that most Americans, including half of this partnership, have a huge investment in a lifetime of memorized dimensions, weights, quantities, and what-not all in English (or Imperial) units. We know what a mile feels like (it's one thousand double paces of the Roman soldiers who set up milestones in England a couple of thousand years ago), that a cubic foot of seawater weighs 64lbs, and that a dressed 2" x 4" is actually a scant 1-5/8" x 3-1/2". We don't have the metric equivalents so handy. You can go out of your mind trying to translate the English items you know to the metric ones it's too bad we weren't made to memorize when it would have been easier.

However, it's not that hard. That tape has millimeters on one edge and inches on the other, and most good maps now have a metric scale on them by which you can lay off a familiar kilometer in the neighborhood. It's worth the trouble, apart from the fact that if you expect to have any dealings with the rest of the world you must use it; places where the inefficiencies of English units are tolerated are getting harder to find every year. Note that NASA lost a very expensive machine due to confusion between the two systems, and if one has to go, it won't be metric! It does look as though everybody else is going to have to learn English speech, which is not much more logical or easier than English measurements, though it's a lot better for poets.

This design called for external chine logs, which we have used in a lot of designs some of which have been built by the thousands. They're easier to bend on, can be smaller for the same fastening bury and gluing surface, especially in a boat with a sharp flare like this one, and the inside of the chine is a lot easier to dry out and keep clean. We've never seen any sign that they increase the drag worth worrying about. However, the composite joints using fiberglass tape are much better on all counts, and the first ones we tried are now over thirty years old.

Otherwise not much about this design seems to need changing. The main drawback is that for obvious reasons it's very tender, calling for a giant step from the exact centerline of the dory, over its wide gunwale, to get out on to a float or mothership. And it doesn't make a good sailboat for the same reason plus the sharp stern which takes away bearing.

Plans of the Light Dory Type V are available for \$50ppd to build one boat. (Plans of the LD Type VI, the latest version of the original Gloucester Light Dory, in English units, are the same) from: Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., 66 Atlantic Street, Gloucester, MA 01939-1627.





# Thinking About Building a Boat?

By Dean A. Raffaelli, D.C., D.O.



One day after going on about building a certain wooden dingy for the 1000th time my future wife to be said, "Why don't you just build the damn thing already?" Well I didn't build that boat but I did build another and another and so on until I had built five. The last boat is a recently finished Wee Lassie of Mac McCarthy's design.

It just seems that there's always another boat I need for some specific purpose. Like I never wanted a canoe until I built a couple of kayaks. All of a sudden, when on a river or lake, while having to portage or get out on some muddy bank the idea of a canoe started to make sense to me. So that was the next boat.


Then we acquired a larger sailboat that needed a dingy, so I thought why not make the sailing dingy that I'd thought of years ago. I even put a reef in the sail just like the Pardys said I should do, and this always gets a laugh from the dockside cognoscente.

The other problem is that my wife likes to do all this messing about in boats stuff, as opposed to my friends' wives who seem to have been born with the hate-boats gene. So I have to build two of everything.

One day at a wooden boat festival this guy was building a strip planked kayak and right next to it was a beautiful Wee Lassie. My wife commented on how cute it was. He said go take it for a paddle and bade me to take the forms home and build the boat. Well she went paddling and I ended up hauling the forms to my basement and four years later my 5th boat was born, a Wee Lassie. The thought of putting such a thing, varnished within an inch of its life, into dirty water horrifies my mother. And I think she might have a point considering that it occupied me for about ten times the designers estimated building time.

It seems that every boat I've built brings me closer to understanding why people have a need for all these myriad boats. It helped me to understand the boats that Chapelle documented from every little hamlet on the east coast. And it helped me to understand, or should I say experience, boat design first hand. I've gotten to feel how flat versus round versus V-shaped hulls react to wind, waves and my clumsiness. And how a deep boat with fine ends will track straight all day and one with a pronounced rocker will spin on a dime.

So if any of you are thinking about building a boat, just build the damn thing.




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The hulls of the back-to-front Polynesian double canoes I described in a previous article were shaped with the inboard edge of the prow flat, flowing into the side of the canoe, while the outboard edge was bowed. As a result, the edge of the bow was not on the middleline, but to starboard, the companion hull, attached back-to-front, being on the starboard side. This would cause the hull to turn counter-clockwise.

What about the other hull? This hull was shaped in the same manner. In both hulls the aft part was shaped in the same manner, the bend, however, being on the opposite side; if the bend side was to port in the prow, the bend side of the stern-section was to starboard. This

## DreamBoats

### Offsetting Directional Pull

By Richard Carsen

would again turn the entire craft counter clockwise.

This shape was obviously intended to counteract the pull to starboard of the off hull, which acts alternately as a weight and as a float. But let me say something here about similar observations in the shape of venetian gondolas.

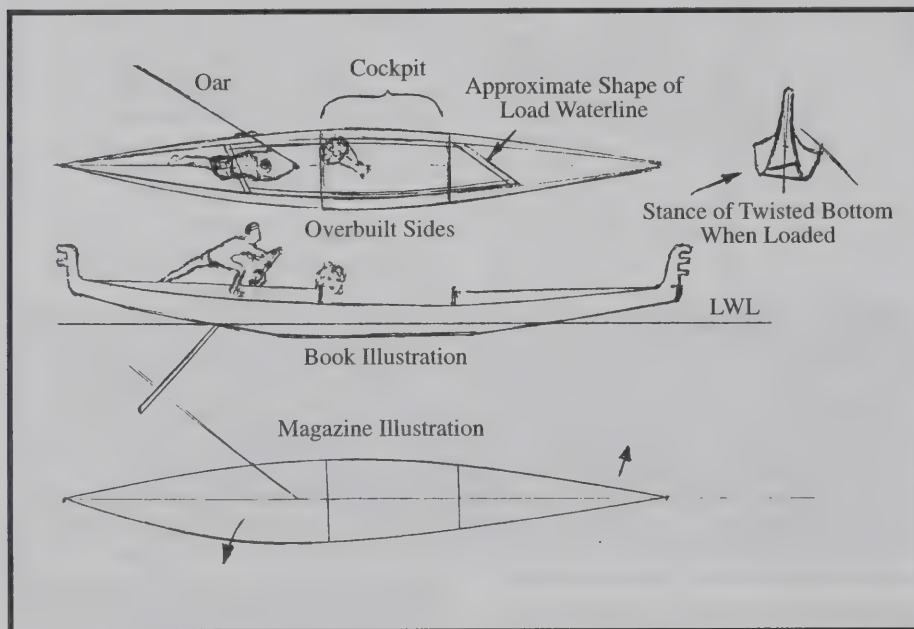
There is a book, written by an Italian en-

gineer, in which he speaks about the twist in the bottom of the gondola(s) he studied. He shows the shape of the waterline to be roughly like an unequal sided diamond. With the oarsman in place, the oar over the portside aft, the chine of the flatbottomed craft is depressed on the portside. He mentions that if the gondolier has only one passenger, he places him/her also on the portside. This causes the sharp point of the diamond to occur on the port chine, leaving the starboard angle further forward. This would cause the flow of water at the waterline to run diagonally across from starboard to port. The waterline has a blunt angle at starboard and the flow would cause the stern part to pull to starboard.

In the front part the opposite takes place. The flat bottom is twisted there, with the starboard chine deeper than the port chine. The same hydrodynamic effect now would pull the bow to port. This combined effect of the two ends of the waterline would give the craft the tendency to turn counter clockwise, thus offsetting the tendency to turn clockwise by the craft being rowed with one oar, aft over the portside.

There was, however, an article in one of the major magazines some time back with a similar study done by someone of a Venetian gondola. This study doesn't mention the peculiar bottom shape, but shows the starboard side to be overbuilt, just about ahead of the placement of the rower. Either the writer missed this point, or attaches no meaning to it. He shows the starboard side to be overbuilt, but with an even bend; no special thickening near the starboard quarter. This widening of the hull to starboard at that point would also cause the craft to tend counterclockwise.

Possibly, different gondola builders may have different ways of producing the same effect, namely to offset the starboard turning of the craft.



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# Capsize, a Study of an Adventure

By Don Elliott

## Introduction

This is a series of articles beginning in the March 1 issue which will be an interactive study of a small boat adventure, an analysis of events described in Chapter 12 of Stephen Ladd's book *Three Years in a 12' Boat*. Each article will include a question or questions for interested readers to consider answers. Suggested answers will be included in the following articles.

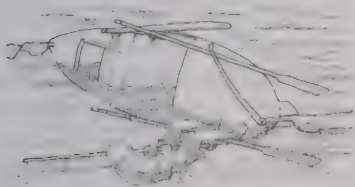
The purpose of this series is to look at the problems facing people who go off adventuring in small boats. Stephen's boat was self-designed and self-built. Was it designed correctly for the conditions it might face? That question is the focus of this study; to look at not only Stephen's boat but also design aspects of all boats used for such adventures.

Safety of the boat and its crew must be the very first thing any small boat designer must consider when he designs a boat.

## Stable, Now What?

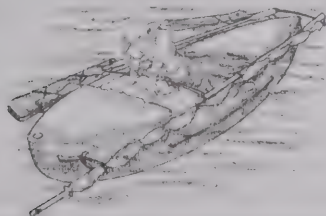
Anyone who has ever capsized a boat knows you want that boat right side up again as soon as possible. It's best to have an idea of how you'll do it and then take action right away. And that's exactly what Stephen did.

Stephen decided on a plan to rescue *Squeak* from its sunken condition. Removing the spars was the first thing that needed to be done. What was the reason for that decision?



If any boat is flooded the best thing to do is remove any weight that would push it down into the water. Stephen must unburden *Squeak*. The spars, leeboards and rudder should be designed to make them easily removed from the boat if need be.

What now can be done? The decks are awash with water, the cabin flooded. It was hopeless to try to bail. How would you get the water out of *Squeak*? Stephen decided he must get the cabin hatch opening above the water level; this was accomplished by inserting floatation material into the cabin.



Stephen would now be able to remove the water from the cabin and cockpit. *Squeak* was slowly becoming a boat again.

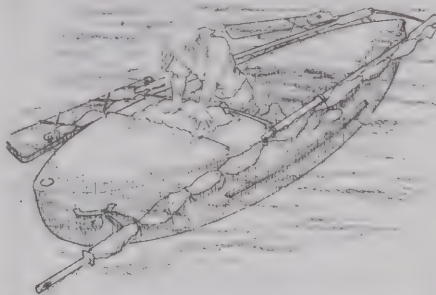
It was now 7am. *Squeak* had capsized at 11pm the night before. So far, an eight hour ordeal and its not over yet.

Much about boat good boat design should be obvious from this article. What gear would be essential for Stephen to have during those eight hours? What would have helped the boat avoid being swamped? What caused the boat to be so fully submerged?

## Retrieval

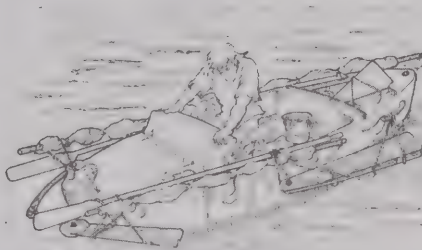
Gone for good. Any gear that is not secured will be lost in the event of a capsize. Seeing or locating gear in the middle of the night under such condition is very unlikely.

Stephen has managed to float the bow of the boat, thus enabling him to begin bailing the boat.



Now it was time to get things straightened away.

If hatches are not watertight you can expect them to be flooded during a capsize. All hatches must have good seals and be able to be battened down.



A lot of small items were missing, but the most important thing was Stephen was alive. He has taken major steps in recovering *Squeak*.

Man is an indomitable creature. He can think his way out of just about anything. And in this situation we must give Stephen full credit for the actions he took to save *Squeak*.

What piece of gear would have made Stephen's job easier in recovering *Squeak*?

## What Happened That Night?

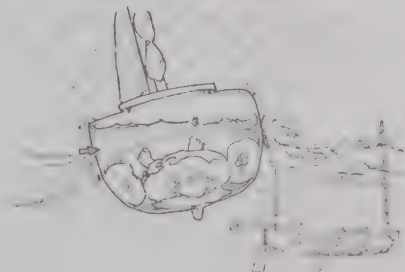
What a shock it must have been to awake by an overturning motion.

Let's review the moments right at the

time of the capsize. The drawings are an interpretation of events.

How could it have happened? Let's look at what happened right at the moment of the capsize.

The boat heeled over as Stephen slept.



Stephen reacted in a natural way; he slid open the overhead hatch. Seawater poured into the open hatch.



Immediately he sprang to a sitting position.



The boat continued its roll until it was upside down. Stephen swam from under the boat and into the stormy night sea.

Note: In sketch #1 the arrow indicates the weight of the water in the cockpit. In sketch #2 two arrows indicate the weight of the water in the cockpit and now the weight of the spars. In sketch #3 now, in addition to the above, you can now add the weight of his upper body.

Which factor was the major cause of the boat going over? The design of the boat? The water in the cockpit? Poor seamanship? The force of the storm? Something else?

(To Be Continued)



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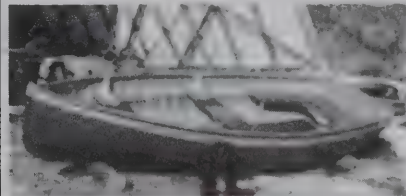
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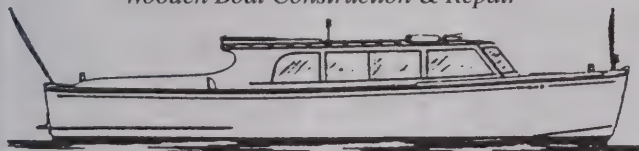
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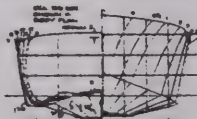
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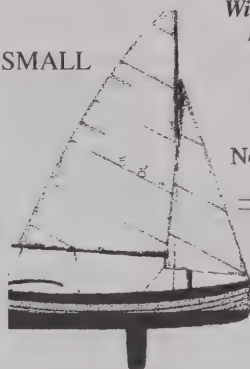


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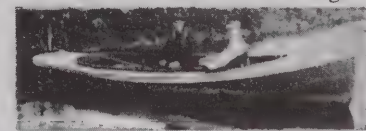
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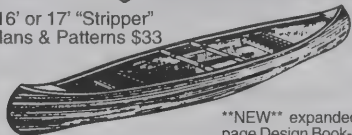
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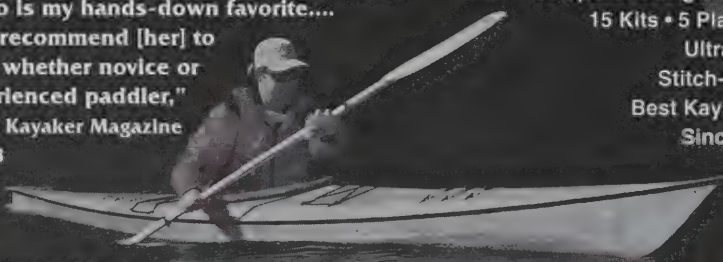
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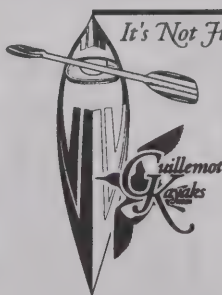
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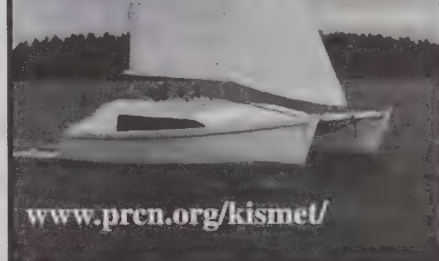
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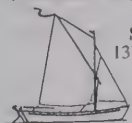
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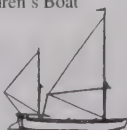


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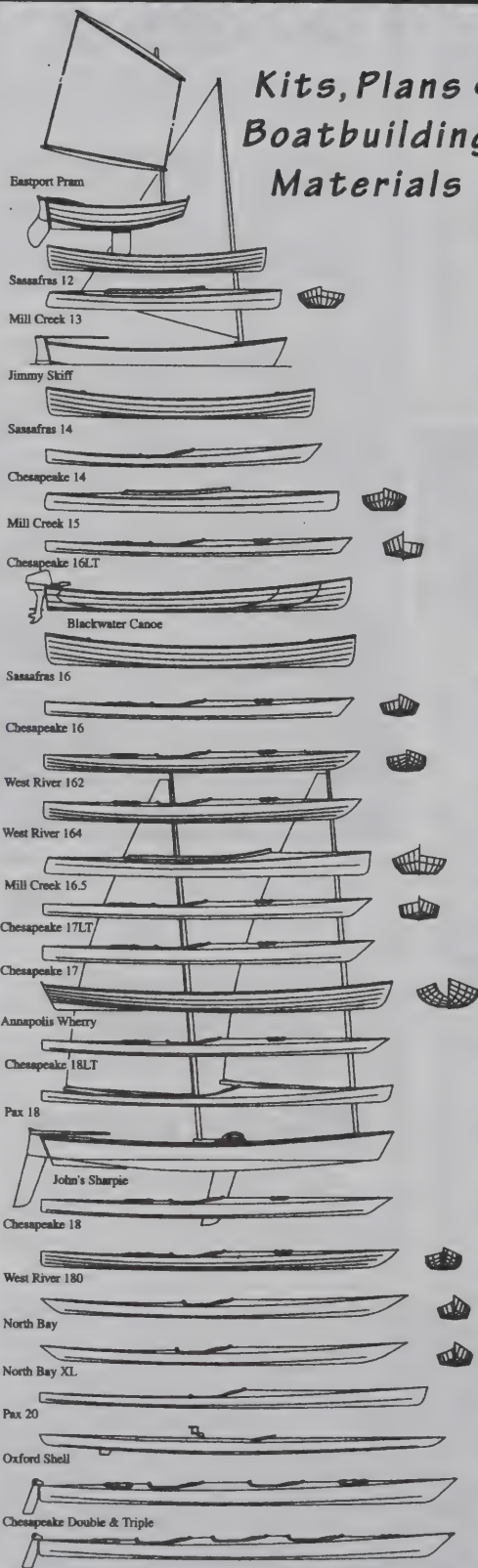
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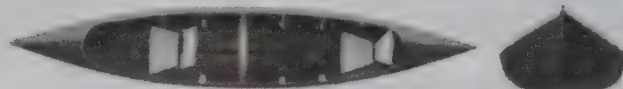
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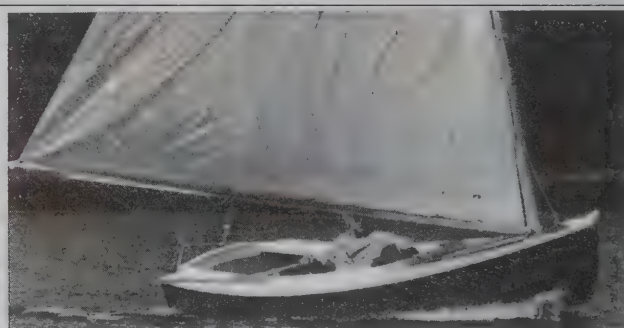
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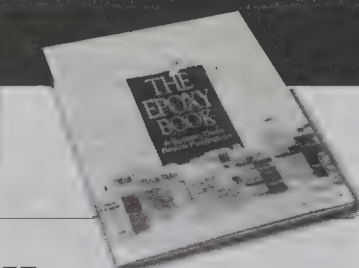
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# Classified Marketplace

## BOATS FOR SALE



**19' Dory, 15-1/2' Dory Skiff**, her name is *Esther*. '95 always indoors on trlr. Plywood, taped seams, beige & green. Steel daggerboard, wood mast, rudder, bronze oarlocks. Am keeping sail for new boat. \$400.  
SONNY PHILLIPS, Solvang, CA, (805) 686-9463. (21)

**Edel 540**, '79 Canadian blt mini-cruiser, 18' loa x 8' beam x 2'4" draft, 330lbs ballast, 4hp Suzuki, main, jib, stern & bow rails, anchor & anchor well, porta-potti, locking main hatchway, fwd hatch, cushions, dining table, trlr w/new tires & axles. \$3,500 or trade. Looking for Herreshoff Eagle in any cond (almost).  
JOHN SUTHERLAND, E. Lyme, CT, (860) 443-5223. (21)



**13' Daysailer**, strip planked wood construction in vy gd cond. Gd dacron main & jib. Comfortable weatherly sailer w/lots of room for her size. Currently stored inside in Middletown, CT. Asking \$1,200, but all reasonable offers considered.  
TOM DAWKINS, Middletown, CT, (860) 632-0829. (21)

**Boreal Design & Wilderness Systems Kayaks**, we are now new regional dealer. Still dealer for Old Town canoes & kayaks going back over 50 years! Hundreds are on display at our store.  
FERNALD'S MARINE, Rt. 1A (at Parker River), Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312 (TFP)

**12' Old Town Pack Canoe**, Royalex, 33lbs. Used only twice. \$300. **Bell Wildfire Canoe**, beautiful carbon fiber/kevlar solo canoe, 15' x 28", 28lbs. Ash, cherry & walnut trim, cane seat. Exc cond, used only once, stored under cover. \$1,500. **Berrigan Canoe**, the original "Banana Boat" designed by John Berry & Bob Harrigan. Expedition kevlar layup made by Apple Line '84. Converted for open solo use w/pedestal. Rough around edges but still handles a rock garden like a dancer & takes blows like a tank. Health forces sale. \$250.  
PHIL FRISBEE, The Plains, VA, (540) 253-5149. (22)

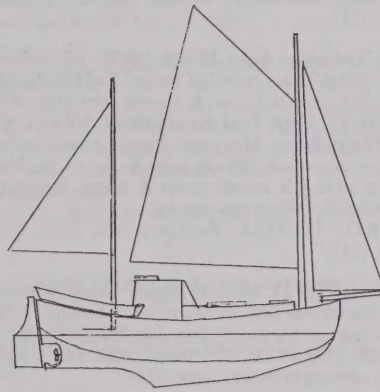
**Glanders 23 FG Bare Hull**, full keel, 6' hdrm, w/ports, mast, rigging & sails. \$2,900 OBO  
STEVE RITZENTHALER, New Carlisle, OH, (937) 882-6869, <ssritz@erinet.com> (22)

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING INFORMATION:

Classified ads are **FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS** for personally owned boat related items. Each ad will automatically appear in two consecutive issues. Further publication of any ad may be had on request.

A one-time charge of \$8 will be made for any photograph included with any ad to cover the cost to us of the necessary halftone. For return of photo following publication, include a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Non-subscribers and commercial businesses may purchase classified ads at \$.25 per word per issue. To assure accuracy, please type or print your ad copy clearly. Mail to *Boats*, 29 Burley St., Wenham, MA 01984. No telephone ads please.



**Blackie**, 26' Odx 7.5' x 4'. Riveted, Dynel sheathed hull, cedar on oak, 6' hdrm. Roller genny, inner jib, spinnaker, squares'l, storm jib. Lanyards & dead-eyes. Volvo 10hp diesel. 30 gals fuel, 30 gals water. Wind vane, awnings, dinghy. Ocean proven, Atlantic circuit '99, 9,000 miles/12 months. No gear failure. A fast, dry, trusty, personal little ship. \$12,500/offers, or trade 30'-34' nothing fancy. See badly written article in *Soundings* "New 2000 Issue", "Father, Son Dare High Seas". Son now large, nd next boat.

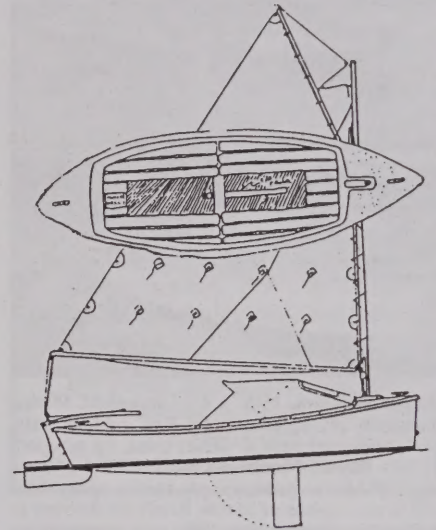
JIM SUMERLIN, Groton, CT, (860) 445-0587. (22)

**Boston Whaler Squall**, 9'2" x 4' dinghy w/sail package. Legendary Whaler safety & durability. 2hp Honda 4-stroke ob w/clutch, only 6hrs use (barely broken in). Exc tender in gd serviceable cond. Exc Arrow trlr w/new tires & wheels. \$1,500.  
PHIL FRISBEE, The Plains, VA, (540) 253-5149. (22)

**24' Bristol Sloop**, 9.9 Yamaha w/remote. Tanbark main & furling genny. Spinnaker & working jib. 7 coats of West barrier coating on bottom. Bow & stern pulpits, lifelines w/2 gates. Cockpit grating, stack pak main w/lazy jacks. Totally restored in '95. VHF, compass, speed, depth. 5 jack stands. \$5,900. Motivated, bought Devlin Surf Scoter.

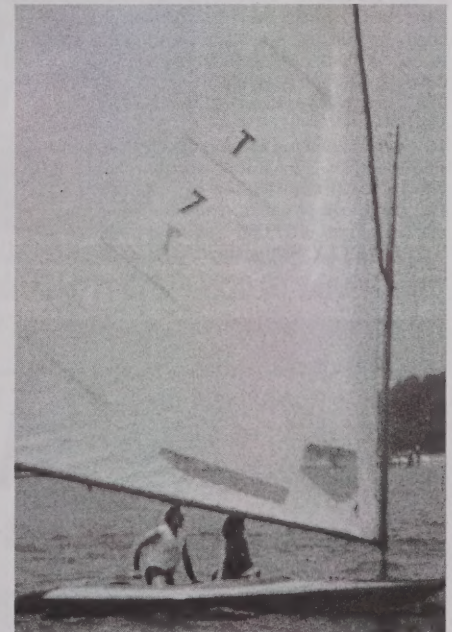
JIM TOMKINS, 2783 W. River Rd., Grand Island, NY 14072, (716) 773-5268, <jtboatwork@aol.com> (22)

**Collectors:** New 100th Anniversary Special Old Town 16' wood/canvas Guide Canoe, beautiful. For former factory list of \$4,000.  
FERNALD'S, Rt. 1A, Newbury, MA 01951, (978) 465-0312. (22)



**Mud Hen**, 17' x6', '84 by Florida Bay. Shoal draft, beachable, roomy (6 adults) camp cruiser (slps 2). Gaff rig catboat, 6" board up, 3'6" board down, tabernacle mast. Dodger, tent & screens, foam mattresses, teak seating, porta potti. Anchor, rode, dock lines, fenders. 10' Cataract carbon fiber oars, Yamaha F4 longshaft OB in well w/2 6gal tanks, less than 10hrs use. Also 65lbs thrust Minn Kota electric w/2 batteries (100ah) & charger for really quiet poking. Arrow trlr w/bearing Busdies & 2 new tires & wheels. Sail in gd cond, canvas serviceable. Kept under cover since new. Change in health forces sale. \$5,000 for compl pacakage.  
PHI FRISBEE, The Plains, VA, (540) 253-5149. (22)

**17' Octa Sailing Canoe**, by Old Town '52. Incl rudder, leeboards, sails & spontoons. Partially restored. Must sell. \$500.  
BOB PARENT, Coram, NY, (631) 736-5605. (22)



**15' Beaton Sneakbox**, '48, rblt from bare hull '94 using West System. Hull finished bright. 3 sails, full cover & trlr. Stiff, dry & fast. \$2,500.  
JIM STEARLY, Duncanville, PA, (814) 942-4010, <Gslam@nb.net>. (22)





**Bolger Seahawk**, 15'6" x 4'2" dory skiff. Marine mahogany ply, spruce, epoxy, PVC rubrails, half-oval reinforced stem & skids. Used, vy gd cond. \$1,100. **Payson Monhegan Skiff**, 12' x 4'3" rowing skiff. Marine mahogany ply, spruce, epoxy. Several in use, a pleasure to row. Ready for delivery in spring. New construction. \$950. HANS WAECKER, 47 Bowman's Landing Rd., Georgetown, ME 04548, (207) 371-2282. (22)

**17' FG English Sloop**, '73. Sold in US as Hurley but believed to actually be a Silhouette. Swing keel, 3' down, 1-1/2' up. 2 quarter berths, new sails, trlr, no motor (you can paddle this boat). Grt little cruiser, have had many grt trips in Keys, Wilderness Waterway, St. Johns, island hopping in ME. \$2,900 firm. C. BANCROFT, POB 1724, Palatka, FL 32178, (904) 328-2755, <bancr@webtv.net>. (22)

**Nimble 20 Yawl**, vy little used tropical version, '87. 20'11" loa, 7'9" beam, 11" shoal draft w/cb up, 4'3" w/cb down. Weighs approx 2,200 lbs. On factory Magic Tilt trlr. 7.5hp Honda 4-stroke ob, sailcovers, much more. For more info visit Nimble website at <http://www.nimbleboat.com>. \$7,800. KIRK, Corpus Christi, TX, (361) 949-8365 or PAM, (361) 825-2434. (22)

**Dirigo Kayak**, 17' x 29" (approx), made in Maine before the company moved to Kansas. Serviceable cond, bottom has scratches but nothing serious. Rudder & deck rigging. \$250. BRUCE GIVEN, Virginia Beach, VA, (757) 474-0787, <bgiven@exis.net>. (22)

**16' Sturdee Dory**, 15hp Suzuki electric start long shaft 4-stroke, 2yrs still on warranty. Karavn trlr, KB 1500. All new '97, low hrs (only used 3 yrs). Exc cond, compl tuned, ready for launching. Replacement cost is \$7,000. Sell for \$4,000. STEVE KELLY, Wethersfield, CT, (860) 529-7517. (22)



**South Shore 30'**, Maine classic '85 Beal Island design. Solid glass hull, aluminum deckhouse, canvas enclosure, 220hp Detroit Diesel, radar, loran, fishfinder, VHF, epirb, power windlass. \$73,500. M.V. MA. JIM MURRAY, Ft. Montgomey, NY, (212) 477-6606. (22)

**11'6" Wee Lassie**, 28lbs, custom blt by & for Mac as seen in his book on building the 28lb Wee Lassie. Caned seat, 2 paddles, setup for sail. Beautifully finished for row or show. \$1,750. C.P. MOORE, Venice, FL, (941) 504-3809. (22)

**Appledore 16**, 2 Oarmasters, 2 sets F. Collar oars, travel cover. \$2,500. ALAN L. VAN REESE, Perham, MN, (218) 346-3077. (22)

**Windward 15**, Karl Stambaugh design. Unfinished plywood hull, epoxied seams. Have exc wooden mast, gd used dacron sail. \$300. PETER BROWN, Alexandria, NH, (603) 744-5163. (22)

**16' Swampscott Dory**, row, sail, power. Hand blt of FG & teak '98 by master boat builder (Melonseed Skiff) Roger Crawford of Humarock, MA. Ivory hull w/burgundy cove stripe. Tanbark spritsail, 2 rowing stations, 2 pr Shaw & Tenney oars. New 2hp Honda 4-cycle OB in well. Mooring cover, trlr. Practical, efficient, unique, beautiful, an instant heirloom. Mint cond. \$8,300. LEN THUNBERG, Alexandria, VA, (703) 836-6178. (21)

**10' Trinka Sailing Dinghy**, '98, incl sails & rigging, oars & locks, teak flrbd, 3hp Mercury OB. Like new cond. \$3,300. REUBEN MEZRICH, Boston, MA, (617) 267-7763. (21)

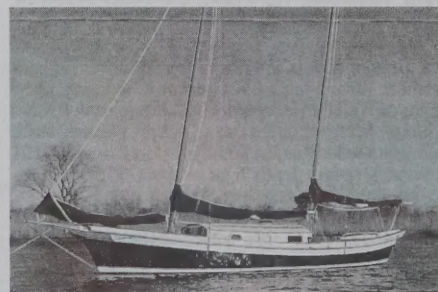
**Fleet Reduction Sale: Thistle #3078**, FG hull, gd cond. Alum mast, wooden boom, useable dacron sails, trlr, winter cover & frame. Ready to sail. \$2,700. **18' Cape Cod Knockabout**, blt by Cape Cod Shipbuilding. Many new frames, refastened w/bronze, new deck. Wood mast & boom, useable dacron sails, trlr, winter cover & frame. Ready to sail. \$5,500. Offers encouraged. FORTIN POWELL, Rockport, ME, (207) 594-4730. (21)

**Sea Pearl Tri 21**, blt 3/00 loaded! White w/green trim, tan canvas convertible cabin, 2 biminis, 2000 5hp 4-stroke Honda OB, hvy duty trlr. \$17,500. BRIAN FORSYTH, Solomons, MD, (410) 326-6364, <bforstyth@erols.com>. (21)

**Cape Dory 14**, sail, oars, trlr all in exc cond. Dark green, looks like a Whitehall. \$995. **18' Martin Sea Shell Double**, w/1 sliding seat, oars. Used 4 times, handles 300lbs. Sky blue hull, red topsides, flotation. \$1,200. STEVE MC KENNA, Atlanta, GA, (770) 998-0332, <worldcontrol@wlginc.com>. (21)

**8' Glen L XP-8 Runabout**, blt '93. '84 Evinrude 6hp w/cable steering & deadman's throttle. Vy little use. A grt boat for kids. \$800. JON ABORN, Buzzards Bay, MA, (508) 759-9786. (21)

**Windrider 16**, w/trlr. Hvy weather cockpit w/windshield, many other extras. \$4,500 value, asking \$2,200. JOE LA GRASSO, Fenton, MI, (810) 750-9188. (TF)



**32' Mystic Ketch Rigged Sharpie**, FG over plywood. Draws 14" bd up. Classic lines, nds some TLC. \$3,900. 15hp Johnson. JIM WHITE, Waretown, NJ, (609) 693-6320 eves before 9pm. (21)

## BOATS WANTED

**Precision 18**, w/motor & trlr. must be in gd cond. **Compac Suncat 17**, w/motor & trlr. Must be in gd cond. RALPH NOTARISTEFANO, Northport, NY, (631) 757-3087 eves & wknds. (21)

## SAILS & RIGGING WANTED

**US25 Buccaneer Mainsail**, luff 25', boom 8'. Also storm jib or working jib. DAVID NAAR, Exmore, VA, (757) 442-2128, <madnaar@itercom.net>. (22)

## GEAR FOR SALE

**11' Feath-or Oars**, new cond. \$250. **24' Alum Mast & Boom**, w/standing rigging, new cond. \$250. STEVE MC KENNA, Atlanta, GA, (770) 998-0332, <worldcontrol@wlginc.com>. (21)

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**Yanmar 12hp Diesel**, new w/controls. \$2,900. STEVE RITZENTHALER, New Carlisle, OH, (937) 882-6869, <ssritz@erinet.com>. (22)

## GEAR WANTED

**British Seagulls**, dead or alive. Cash paid, any cond. FRANK VALENTINO, S. Dennis, MA, (508) 385-8510, (508) 385-2507 anytime, email: <seagull508@aol.com>. (TFP)

**'26 Elto Ruddertwin OB**. \$285. ROBERT O'NEILL, brick, NJ, (732) 477-1107. (21P)

**Carburetor or Complete Engine**, for '78 Italian moped called Beta, 50cc engine. I need this bike on my son's boat. CLIFFORD RICHMOND, SR., Tarpon Springs, FL, (727) 937-4037. (22)

## BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

**Nautical Book Collection**, from Chapelle to Villiers, some old, some new, 30 in all, most in gd shape. Send SASE for list. DENNIS GOLDIE, 22 Lakeview St., Southwick, MA 01077. (21)



**Small Boat Journal**, full set pilot issue-71, all in binders. \$200. **WoodenBoat**, 1-158 (missing 146) all in binders. \$500. Plus shipping, or pickup in Guilford, CT.

ELLIOTT J. WILCOX, 81 Spencer Ave., Guilford, CT 06437, (203) 453-4691, <ejwilcox@aol.com> (22)

**WoodenBoat**, issues 1-158 (missing 9, 13, 14, 32, 53, 56, 71, 73, 76). \$445 plus shipping. **Small Boat Journal**, issues 25, 29, 30, 32, 34, 35, 38, 39, 42-70, 72. \$114 plus shipping.

BRUCE GIVEN, Virginia Beach, VA, (757) 474-0787, <bgiven@exis.net> (22)



**Nutmeg (aka \$200 Sailboat)**, Bolger design, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions. \$20.

DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28411, <davecarnell@att.net> (TFP)

**From My Old Boat Shop**, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 + \$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin.

WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391 (TF)

**"Sleeper,"** 7'10" car toppable sailing cruiser. Slps 2 below deck. Plans \$37, info \$3.

EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912 (TFP)



**Dory Plans**, row, power & sail. 30 designs 8'-30'. Send \$3 for study packet.

DOWN EAST DORIES, Dept. MB, Pleasant Beach Rd., S. Thomaston, ME 04858. (TF)

**Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar**, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.

NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221 (TF)



**Build 13-1/2' of Bliss**, from 2 sheets of plywood. Plans \$26. Illustrated leaf let of 16 craft \$2.

DENNIS DAVIS, 9 Great Burrow Rise, Northam, Bideford EX39 1TB, England. (EOIP)

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SAM CHAPIN, 753 Woodside Rd., Maitland, FL 32751, (407) 622-5730. (TF)

**Swan's Island ME House Rental**, \$700/wk. Slps 4 or 5. Boat & kayak launching sites. 6 ferries daily. IVER LOFVING, Swan's Island, ME, (207) 773-9505 or (207) 526-4121. (22)

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JOE BLUBAUGH, Melbourne, FL, (321) 757-5390. (20)

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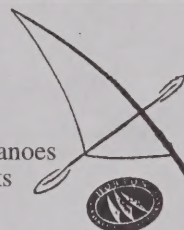
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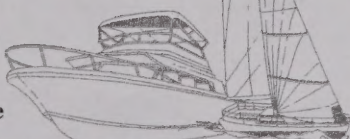


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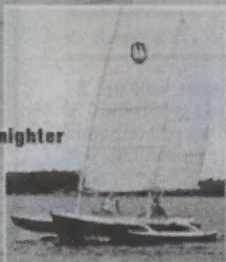
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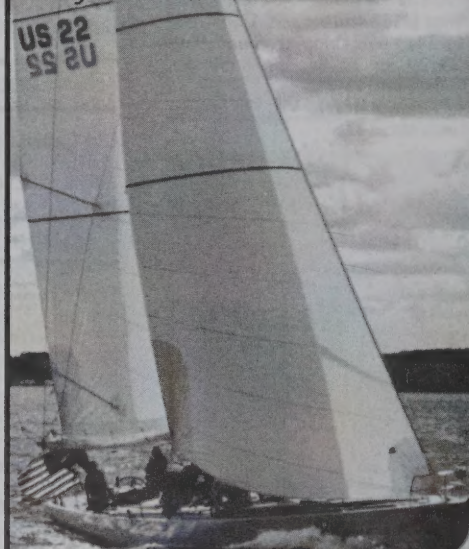
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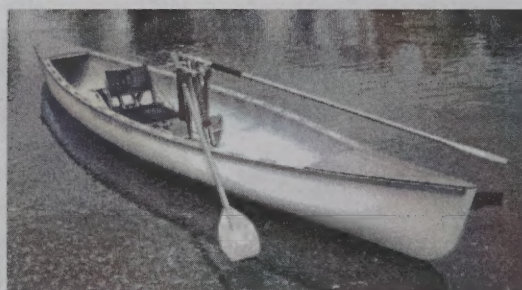
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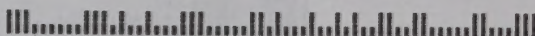
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